JOHN BULL
TWOPENCE

AT LAST
MORE BITES FOR 2D!

WHEN you buy chocolates you know what flavours you want—*and you want value for your money.* Well, here it is—full measure and brimming over. Name your favourite soft centre—buy it in Cadbury Filled Block form—and you get MORE BITES FOR 2d! Every 2 oz. block costs 2d. and has 8 sections. That's 8 soft-centred chocolates for 2d. (or 24 for 6d.) the biggest chocolate value ever offered, and perfect chocolates too! choose your favourite flavour—and you get NOTHING ELSE BU HAT YOU CHOOSE. Because they're all eight made at a time—filled at a time—covered at a time—chocolates bought this way cost less AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT.

Whatever your favourite is—there's a Filled Block for you. Marzipan, Caramello, Turkish Delight are the leaders—but there are THIRTEEN WINNING FLAVOURS to choose from. Just look in the shops and you'll see what a 'lucky thirteen' there are to choose from. Out you go—into the shop—and then—boy! Oh, boy!

There are 8 separate soft-centred sections when you buy
CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

ACTUAL SIZE
OF THE CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

This is a Filled Block, shown actual size. Looks a lot for 2d., doesn't it? And so it is—the biggest chocolate value ever offered—8 SOFT-CENTRED chocolates for 2d.

Remember
CADBURYS
FILLED BLOCKS
2 OZ 2D

—give you more for your money

The World's Thrills in Pictures

What is happening? What is going on in the world . . . in distant continents . . . in isolated native villages . . . in secret mountain passes . . . on the high seas . . . in the air?

Every second of the day, in some part of the globe, the living drama of events is being shaped into the fabric of world history! . . . events grave and gay . . . sensational and queer . . . new . . . unforgettable . . . a part of *your* life!

How can mere words recreate this great spectacle? How can cold print alone capture the thrill and glamour of distant places and strange peoples?

We must have *pictures* . . . split-second scoops which snatch the very truth from events while they are still happening . . . eye-witness records revealing in a flash things you might never have seen at all . . . vivid . . . daring . . . all-seeing . . . a living diary of the world of to-day to hand down to posterity.

• • •

THINK OF IT! Never before until to-day have incredible miracles of chemistry, of transport and machinery, been able to give us real world-events in pictures. Never before have we been able to see . . . week by week . . . the passing pageant of a fast-moving Age.

Think of what history would mean to us if we could turn back the pages of Nero's rule and see in actual photographs the burning of Rome, the chariot races, the fight of the Gladiators—or watch the thundering charge of Boadicea's ruthless hordes!

Yet recently—in a certain popular weekly—we have been able to *see* in wonderful pictures the tragedy of Austria . . . war in Abyssinia . . . Spain . . . China . . . epic of the Arctic . . . the French Navy in action . . . wedding of a Princess . . . these and a thousand and one events that make up our modern world.

• • •

Only this week we have news from Mexico—land of the ancient Aztecs, of fabled treasure palaces and stormy politics.

In exclusive camera pictures the great news-in-pictures journal "Weekly Illustrated"—Just Out—presents the living drama of Mexico and the sensational Oil dispute which involves thousands of people and millions of pounds.

We see, too, pictures of Mexico in a different mood—the great Easter Festival of the burning of "Judas"—in which the fete-loving Mexicans dance through the streets and watch the effigy of their most-hated enemy of the moment go up in smoke.

Talking of dances, Western styles may be getting a bit sensational—but why worry about the Big Apple when you can see something that really makes you gasp—like the dance the native girls put on in Nigeria—as shown in the photo here. No fancy steps or glamour gowns here—just the rhythm of the medicine drum and the kind of dance that's as old as the jungle itself—this is just another of the great pictorial features of "Weekly Illustrated"—now on sale everywhere.

• • •

Does the world truly seek peace . . . or is the call of power and riches too strong? Stroll with us into the quiet cloisters of York Minster where peace is so real and so near that it can be felt. Here are some of the most beautiful "Weekly Illustrated" pictures ever taken—the inside story of a mighty architectural triumph . . . a grand symphony in stone to an ideal that must never be forgotten.

If you like these pictures you will enjoy a little journey back through the years . . . a journey which gives you glimpses of a London you never knew.

In this week's "Weekly Illustrated" are some of the earliest photographs in existence, and some of the most remarkable ever published.

They are pictures of old London—queer corners and quaint characters typical of London's streets and parks and alley-ways . . . pictures that will make you stare and laugh . . . and perhaps sigh a little. Was life ever really like this? Is to-day so much more worth while?

Well, you must decide that for yourself—but first turn over the pages of this week's "Weekly Illustrated" and take a look at a modern seaside resort . . . just waking up for the season. There's going to be a lot of money and glamour in this town . . . and it won't be long now. What price the Twentieth Century, after all?

• • •

Anyhow, we can still laugh at our troubles, and even "Weekly Illustrated" has its lighter moments—so you'll enjoy the "Easter Egg" cartoon models. Ever seen anything like them? What about the one below, for example—made out of an Easter Egg, cotton-wool and wax? Do you recognise him? There's some more pictorial views of Easter Eggs in "Weekly Illustrated," too . . . something astonishing about some priceless eggs once made for a Russian Czar.

And remember—that's not all you'll find in "Weekly Illustrated." There's a "Photocrime" this week and every week, and regular features that will delight you.

"Weekly Illustrated" is the only paper of its kind that pictures the world in a new way . . . brief . . . swift to the point . . . vivid . . . dramatic . . . exclusive . . . the weekly for the moderns.

Don't miss the wonderful thrilling Easter number — just out — printed throughout in sparkling photogravure—bringing you the thrills of the world in pictures and costing you only the modest sum of twopence.

A dance the native girls put on in Nigeria.—One of a number of thrilling pictures appearing exclusively in this week's "Weekly Illustrated."

Watching their most-hated enemy go up in smoke.

An Easter Egg—some cotton-wool and wax—and—who is it?

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms etc., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Dwelling, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-somely bordered in 3 Turkey patterns and Fashionable shades Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a hand-some rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER! 3 Carpets, 3 Rugs, and 3 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

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Complete dynamo lighting, fully equipped and guaranteed. Save time, fares and money with the most reliable and economical motor-cycle ever produced. Highest exchanges car, motor-cycle or cycle. 2,000 other bargains from 20/- deposit. 5/- weekly. 3rd party insurance only. All other 1939 makes and models on similar terms. LISTS FREE. 'Phone: BRIX 6281.

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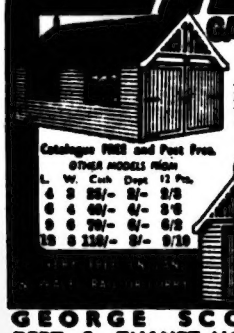

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The ONLY ACCORDION with an 18 MONTHS' GUARANTEE. Be sure you get the guarantee completed when buying your Hohner. For free coloured brochure of all Hohner guaranteed instruments fill out this advertisement and send it to:

HOHNER CONCERTINAIRES LTD. (A.B. 16.4), 178, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

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IT'S NEW

HEARING AIDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE. Try the marvellous new model Ampliemite. NO OTHER PARTS—NO RENEWALS—PERFECT HEARING. Fit right inside the ear. Complete in themselves. Wonderful Power. Price only £1 1s. per pair, as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0. The greatest offer ever made to the deaf.

NOTE THE SIZE

NOTE THE PRICE 21/- as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HILL, Ltd., Mail Dept., 268, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6.) Also at 431, Chester Road, Manchester. (Hours 9 to 5.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

THE FLANNEL KING'S FAMOUS SPRING OFFER SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

6/-

Post 6d. or C.O.D.

19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Mid. or Dark Grey. Waist 26-40. Leg 28-32, 42-44 waist 1/- extra. Fully cut and made from Tested Flannel with belt loops and buttons inside, side straps, usual and front cash pocket. P.T.U. State waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

2 pairs 12/6, post paid. Semi-Oxford WORSTED usually sold at 22/-. Post 6d. WOOLLEN GABARDINE 15/-. For hard wear, worth double. Post 6d.

Special ALL-WOOL SLIP-OVER V-neck, sleeveless. In Grey, 5/6. 34, 36, 38. Worth 9/11.

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METEOR SPORTS. The World's Finest Value.

DUNLOP SPORTS TYRES. Guaranteed for 12 months.

BAYLISS WILEY CHAIN. The Clubman's Choice.

LAUTERWASSER Handlebars, Adjustable Stem.

EQUIPMENT FREE. Pump, Toolbag, Tools and Reflector.

CHROMIUM PLATED. Heavily Finished Throughout.

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LIGHTWEIGHT TOURER Lady's or Gent's £3.17.6

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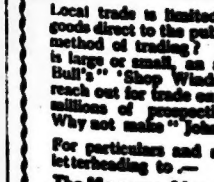

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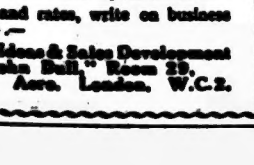

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Red Tile and Red Composition Floors always have a lovely rich red gloss when polished with Cardinal. Excellent also for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths, etc. Will not wash off in Rain.

CARDINAL POLISH 61

Also in Green, White, Cream, Buff and Transparent. Of all Dealers. CP/AG/3.

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Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 6x Magnification Wide View "Screw and Eye-piece Focus" Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory, Balance payable 5/- monthly until 70/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

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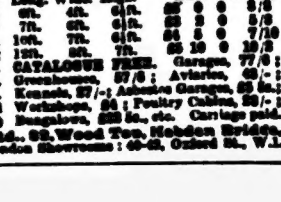

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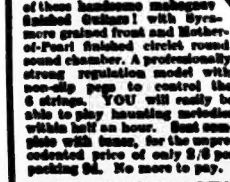

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A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Here are some NOW

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR EASY TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1938 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

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I'll show you how to Stop Smoking

Gilbert Stanley

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your treatment the best investment I have ever made." If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

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Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3½in. by 2½in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at 15/-

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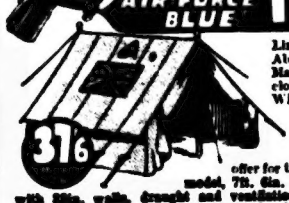

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Limited number only. Absolutely brand new. Made of extra stout cloth to last for years. Will not shrink, warp, or hole under any conditions. Small over-production makes it possible to offer for the first time a full-size model, 7ft. 6in. x 6ft. 9in. x 6ft. 9in. with 30in. walls, draught and ventilation curtain, ridge pole, guylight poles, guys, runners, pegs and valise. "Royal Air Force Blue" with detachable air observation Union Jack for only 37/6; carriage, etc., 2/6. Worth £5.5.0. Smaller size 6ft. x 4ft. 6in. wide x 6ft. with 30in. walls. Only 17/6, carr. 2/6. Family Tents, 6ft. x 6ft. x 6ft., 30in. walls, 22/6 only, carr. 2/6. Every model complete with all accessories as above. Immediate dispatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.T.1.), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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Garden Sheds 2/- Down

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Reg. & Wales.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Deps.	6 Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	49/-	8/6
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DOUBLE WAVE COMB

Owing to laying down special plant and recommencing the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding

"DOUBLE-WAVE" Comb which WAVES HAIR WITHOUT HEAT OR ANY OTHER APPLIANCE at 9d. each, post 3d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, heater or mess. Will save you pounds in hairdressers' bills. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). Do Less Model is real art tortoiseshell, 2/6 post free.

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CASH AND FREE GIFTS FOR ALL

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Agents wanted for our popular 2d. & 6d. Gift Cards. Introduce them to your friends, who will buy them because they can obtain Gifts of the Highest Quality and share in large Cash Prizes. Liberal Commissions and Bonuses. All Postages Paid. Take up this easiest and simplest proposition now. Absolutely unbeatable. Full details from Dept. J.B.,

SOCCER KING STADIUM WORKS WEMBLEY MIDDLESEX

PIETRO

£5.5.0 VALUE FOR £2.19.6

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De Luxe Pietro Piano Accordion in White, Blue or Rose Pearl, with 25 PEARL PIANO KEYS, 23 Basses. Powerful Tone, deep bellows, multiplied action, 2 shoulder straps. £2.19.6 or on Easy Terms. Other models at equally attractive prices. Whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional there is a Pietro to suit you in the new season's models. Prices—£2.2s. to £16.16s.

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Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" "Shop Window" will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

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Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE

FROM 3/8 MONTHLY

Weston S.M. Small Sheds, 25/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frames, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections. Simply the best value. Small carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.) P.O.M. Satellite Works, Yeovil.

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CATALOGUE FREE. Greenhouses, 57/6; Aviaries, 49/-; Kennels, 57/-; Asbestos Garages, 65 ls.; Workshops, £4; Poultry Cabins, 39/-; Bungalows, £23 5s., etc. Carriage paid. Ltd., 62, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge. London Showrooms: 42-43, Oxford St., W.1.

★PROFESSIONALS PLAY 6-STRING SPANISH GUITARS

GREAT SPRING SALE

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Factory's surplus must be cleared. An opportunity of a lifetime to acquire one of these handsome mahogany finished Guitars! with Byrmore grained front and Mother-of-Pearl finished circlet round sound chamber. A professionally strong regulation model with non-slip pegs to control the 6 strings. YOU will easily be able to play haunting melodies within half an hour. Sent complete with tuner, for the unprecedented price of only 2/6 post and packing 9d. No more to pay.

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PARK DRIVE
15 for 6.
10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 16, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

Bill That Will Start Rent Ramp
1s.-a-Day Slaves of Nursing
Fill Those Empty Plates

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

OUT of the ambush of Committee emerges the Government's new Rent Bill.

The Parliamentary battle that is going to be fought over it will be a bitter one.

It is a vicious Bill. And, if killing it is impossible, it shouldn't leave the arena before it has been mutilated out of recognition.

Breeding Greed

In four years' time, if the Government gets its way, all control of the rents of pre-war houses will cease.

Landlords whose rows of £250 houses became rows of £700 houses because this country fought for its existence will be able to charge what rents they like.

The State will invite them to become Profiteers of the Last Great War.

You Will Pay

Will you be affected, Mr. Council-house Tenant? You, Mr. Flat-dweller? You, Mr. Occupant-of-a-Brand-New-House? Of course you will.

If the rents of decrepit houses are going to soar, decent houses will command more money as well.

No Appeal

Tom Johnston, M.P., proves from official figures—figures that no Government spokesman can refute—that in four years time, if the Bill passes, rents are bound to sky-rocket.

Tenants hounded out by impossible rents will have no appeal. They will be evicted into a cold world where all rents are dearer, and that's that.

Danes Have a Way

The Danes, with less than a tenth of our housing problem, have Tenancy Courts which Mr. Johnston praises.

Rents, evictions, landlords' possession, *all* landlord-tenant disputes are decided by courts on which an equal number of owners and householders sit, with a legal chairman.

Yet this savage Bill permits no appeal!

Praise These Nurses

We admire the masked nurses who have paraded in London for shorter hours and better conditions.

Public opinion is behind them.

But there's a snag—a snag that would never have been if we had been listened to in time.

Elusive Nightingales

Paisley, determined to end the slavery of night nurses working eighty hours and day nurses seventy hours a week, has been seeking new nurses.

Since January. And can't find 'em.

And that's the case everywhere. Would-be Florence Nightingales have been frightened off.

"Poison" by Post

On the next page, under the heading "Judge Not," appears a remarkable letter from a war widow.

You should read it, for it tells of the terrible consequences caused by a "poison-pen."

Pensions Lost

Did you know that many hundreds of war widows have been deprived of their pensions because of accusations of immorality in letters to the Ministry of Pensions?

Many of them have been anonymous; few have been supported by more than the flimsiest of evidence.

New Hope

Well, an independent committee is to consider this aspect of the poison-letter plague.

The Ministry of Pensions will have no right of interference. Where necessary, action will be taken to restore pensions.

The light will shine again in some very dark lives.

They Won't Forget

Temporary expedient in eighty towns is to dilute nursing staffs with ward-maids, qualified to help nurses but lacking nursing training.

We're afraid it's the only way.

Nurses have been treated so damnably that it's going to take a generation for girls to forget.

A Bob a Day

Anyhow, they're finding it utterly impossible to get unqualified ward-maids at 7s. 7d. a week.

And that's what they paid nurses!

"Watered" Jobs

Which reminds us that some of the people who want engineers to accept dilution on patriotic grounds would have different views if their own professions had to be diluted.

It is easier to add water to whisky than to remove it again.

Engineers know. The taste has already been diluted out of their jobs.

Action at Last

But cheers! We have made specific enquiries and find that under A.R.P. every fire authority will get all the extra fire equipment it needs—at Government expense.

Standardised equipment at that.

We have often urged standardisation of fire equipment, but never expected it would come in this way.

Weary Wootton

Good chance, this, for scores of dilatory local authorities that have never provided a fire-fighting service of any sort.

Wootton Courtenay, in Somerset, to quote one isolated example.

For thirty-five years it has been *considering* providing a fire brigade, and, like many more authorities, has done just nothing.

Summing Up Sanity

Another thing that has puzzled us is the frequency with which prison doctors have described men as sane when it has been obvious to any normal intelligence that they are not.

Now the truth has come out at a meeting of probation officers.

The prison doctor has to say whether a man is sane or insane within a certain clause.

Blame the Clause

Our apologies to prison doctors, to whom our thoughts have done less than justice.

It's that "certain clause" that's silly, after all. Not them.

Crime and Illness

Sanity comes from Dr. Coddington, Bradford's stipendiary.

He has just said that even ill-health is a factor in considering crime—and that, on that subject, he finds it difficult to get the advice he needs from prison doctors.

They are thinking within that "certain clause."

Pub Comes First.

And in deciding to pull down four brand-new council houses to make room for a pub., that could serve just as useful a purpose elsewhere, Walsall—town with a housing shortage of 662 homes—is just not thinking at all.

Price of Plague

Foot-and-mouth disease again! But let all of us do a bit of clear thinking about that.

Truth is that while the last outbreak—a bad one—cost the nation as a whole £600,000, other livestock diseases cost agriculture alone £14,000,000 every year.

Fuss Fuzziness

Foot-and-mouth fuss comes from the fact that public has to help foot that bill.

And that's poor reasoning.

Not All Waste

Anyhow, research, control and treatment in respect of animal diseases as a whole cost the State £600,000 a year.

For the Ministry of Agriculture's men in the field it's a devil of a life.

Judge for yourself whether it is all a waste.

The Last Word

Having printed the first word about the Swedish gymnasts coming to Britain, permit us the last word.

In laudatory interviews, on their return they found one thing wrong with us.

Our food is good, but there is too much on our plates, which is true in a way.

But they didn't see the plates of that forgotten army of a million and three-quarters unemployed!

Homework or Hobbies!

Huddersfield's magistrates' clerk, Mr. Cyril Drabble, says homework keeps boys out of mischief.

In our view, excessive homework keeps boys out of hobbies. And hobbies certainly keep boys out of mischief.

Pay-As-You-Go

But here's somebody we agree with. Camberwell Council.

Finding ratepayers stumped up more readily when allowed to affix stamps to rate cards, it is now considering supplying home safes for rate-collection.

Human Badgers

Yet the majority of councils won't take three-quarters on account, and many badger ratepayers at their places of business if they are a few shillings short.

Ruins on H.-P.

Meanwhile, thousands of people who are buying houses through building societies are getting unpleasant little messages from their insurance companies.

They are told war damage will be their own responsibility.

Phew! Fancy having to pay monthly instalments for twenty years for a pile of bricks.

Taking No Risks

However, the City Corporation (London) visualises council estates, etc., being blown to blazes and no insurance money coming to hand.

So it is asking local authorities generally to make one huge howl until the Government gives some measure of war insurance.

And the Government is more likely to listen to that.

Happy Holiday!

And now forget your troubles for a day or so.

Go in search of health. You'll be happier remembering that a million and a half families will taste holiday-with-pay for the first time this year.

Another thirteen million workers still need them. But with your help that's going to be remedied.

SPRING (Romance Section)

They stood behind me in a crowd watching a recent society wedding —the boy shabby and pale, the girl frail and cheaply dressed. And he was squeezing her hand.

"Isn't it nice to see people happy?" she said.

Having looked from the slightly bored faces of bride and bridegroom to the transcendent faces of those two poor London lovers—I'll say it is.—G. H., Leatherhead.

My heart is just as liable to break as any woman's.

Yet, does the law recognise the fact

in all its fiddle-faddle about breach of promise?

Does society at large? It sheds crocodile tears for the jilted girl, but has a "he'll-soon-get-over-it" attitude when a boy is left in the lurch. —D. B., Elder Street, Glasgow.

Pity the young Army officer who sees the girl of his dreams appear on his horizon—the woman he knew would come along one day.

Will his superior officers approve her? That is the main question. Many a dashing young subaltern hasn't felt too dashing when confronted with the choice between his commission or his girl.—W. A. Dunlop, Junr., 60, Woodland Avenue, Gorton, Manchester.

I am a boy of sixteen. I read so-called jokes in which young men reprimand girls for failing to marry them on the previous day.

I see the jackets of imported American magazines—twisted figures of practically nude girls hideously displayed and used as illustrations to "love" stories.

Such things are flung at us young people as romance.

And if any of us are corrupted in consequence—we are to blame.—Peter Crane, 68, Warbeck Road, New Moston, Manchester.

I am single—but I wouldn't be single much longer if I met Shakespeare's Rosalind in real life.

She has brains, beauty of mind and body, resource, courage. Hollywood gives us its "No. 1 Personality Girls"—but how mediocre they all are by comparison with fair Rosalind—my heroine.—"Just Thirty," 61, Cooper Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

I felt Spring was in the air when I saw an official of Harrogate railway station staff speaking on the 'phone.

His air was the air of a man talking to a charming young lady. And when he politely raised his hat on putting down the receiver—I had no doubts.—E. Harwood, 90, The Avenue, Starbeck, Harrogate.

All the world loves a lover—but it's the female of the species who gets such appellations as "divine," "lovely," "enchanting."

Why no admiration for the male, seeing that the male is always the finer-looking beast throughout the animal kingdom—with man, I think, no exception?—E. Bell, 46, Connaught Road, Sutton, Surrey.

My girl and I dreamt of marriage this Spring but, alas, it is not to be. We must go on waiting.

The house we want is "rent in advance." Rates, again, are "in advance." Gas calls for a substantial deposit.

So does electricity. In the general siege for money, money, money, Cupid is kept waiting.—C. T. Clay, Sheffield.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

DON'T join in the widespread grumble because Easter is late this year.

Tell yourself that from Friday to Monday inclusive you get 6 hours 14 minutes more daylight than last year.

Then go out and enjoy 'em.—F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

And may they be 6 hours 14 minutes of sunshine.

Sin of the Father

I have just heard of a church—it would be unfair to give the denomination—that has refused to permit the christening of an illegitimate baby.

As a young man entering the ministry, I am disgusted. For didn't Someone once say: "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone"?—T. Lloyd, 18, The Avenue, Carmarthen.

Not forgetting: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these My little ones ye do it unto Me." And it isn't generally known that that "inasmuch" is a translation of "to the exact measure."

Dread-Line

My sister, a hospital nurse, had a tiny slum kiddie admitted to her ward.

The mite's eyes lit up when she was

offered a glass of milk. "Please, miss, how far down can I drink?" she asked. —Miss Heath, 32, Westcourt Road, Worthing.

Nurses, teachers, welfare workers, know what nonsense is that oft-repeated phrase: "There's no need for anybody to go hungry nowadays."

Just a Side-line

It would be interesting to work out the economic value of crime, seeing that judges, lawyers, journalists, printers, clerks, police and warders are only a few of the many thousands who find employment because of that much-maligned person—the criminal.—Charles E. Welch, 27, Taff Street, Porth, Glamorgan.

Abolish crime to-morrow, and our courts, judges, etc., would still find plenty of work to do. Dealing with the criminal is, in fact, one of the law's side-lines.

Democrat

Every day a business man drives his son to a local elementary school in a big car.

Why should I, who cannot afford to run a car, have to contribute towards the education of his son?—W. E. L., Cornwallis Road, Maidstone.

Supposing he believes that every child, rich and poor alike, should have exactly the same start in life? Who could criticise him then?

Bury the Hatchet

There is a Government Department known as the Enemy Debts Office.

Surely that word enemy—not even ex-enemy, mark you—should be dropped. There is no reason to perpetuate old quarrels.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Board of Trade says a mere handful of clerks now remains of once big and important Enemy Property Branch, to give right name. As little work remains for it to do, it is not considered necessary to change its name.

We Need Timber

Despite Britain's elaborate afforestation scheme, nothing more is being done about planting hedgerow trees.

Perhaps the department concerned doesn't know that tree-planting on these lines will beautify the country more than by planting whole woods.—Jeffery G. Gould, Folly Farm, Plush, Pydeltrenthide, Dorset.

Forestry Commission tells us: "We have no powers whatsoever to supply trees or grants for such planting. Even where screens are wanted for farms, we can't help. Our aim is commercial planting—building up a home timber industry for the country."

"L" for Safety

Cycling to work, I sometimes see an elderly woman riding a somewhat old-fashioned bicycle with a large "L" card displayed back and front.

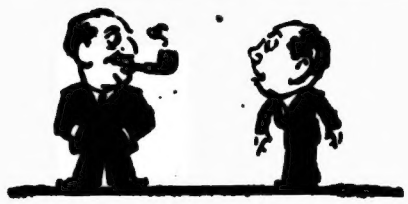
Her hands grip the handlebars grimly. That "L," apparently, is her appeal to other road-users for mercy.—G. Faulkner, 9, Semilong Road, Northampton.

We have heard of properly passed-out car drivers who retain "L" plates as an added safety precaution.

Bunk De-bunked

Two friends of mine, height about the same, made a decision when they were young boys.

One said he was going to be a smoker.



The other said he would never smoke, as he didn't want to be weedy.

Result: To-day the smoker is 6 ft., the non-smoker 5 ft. 9 in.—Joseph A. Buck, 1, Peak Street, Knutten, Stoke-on-Trent.

Smoking does not affect stature. Statement that it does is like that other statement: "You'll never grow into a big man (woman) unless you eat pudding like your father (mother)."

Judge Not . . .

During 1917 a soldier in uniform was seen leaving my house at 3 a.m. The silent witness was my husband's sister, who lives opposite.

Without asking for an explanation she wrote to my husband in France, and shortly afterwards I had a letter from him, accusing me of being unfaithful.

The visitor was my own brother, who broke his journey to see me. And before the explanation reached my husband he had been killed in action.—Mrs. R. D., Coulsdon, Surrey.

See Luke vi., 37.

Stranger than Fact

Novelists know so little about real life. They make detectives say: "Anything you say will be taken down and used in evidence against you."

That "against you" is never added. —Hugh Prytherch, 137, Benjamin Road, Wrexham.

Dickens was one of few novelists who was accurate in his law. His trial of Fagin couldn't have been done better by a High Court Judge. But present-day novelists are careless for the most part—consistently send people to certain towns from railway termini that don't serve those towns at all.

* * *

Writers of fiction annoy me with their "Full speed ahead."

Look at this picture of a ship's telegraph. It distinctly indicates "Full ahead." The word "speed" never enters into it.—Fred. Murphy, Sen., 50, Roxeth Grove, South Harrow, Middlesex.

(See above.)

Spending Means Work

English working people are the most wasteful in the world. They allow little children to spend, spend, spend. They go to the pictures far more than is good for them.

Young girls earning 25s. a week pay their mothers 12s. 6d. and fritter the rest away. Why don't our schools show youngsters the way to independence?—J. Hampton, 64, Kelvin Avenue, N.13.

Schoolchildren's pennies keep 120,000 people regularly at work—and against that we've got no grievance.

From Far

I do not write to offer any opinion on Palestine's troubles.

My intention is to get "John Bull" to correct a belief current in Britain that the Arabs would spoil any civilisation within ten years.

Arabs built up a comprehensive civilisation out of the deserts, the remains of which are still to be seen.—Hassan Dalaq, 4th Secondary Class of Commerce, Government Secondary School, Jaffa, Palestine.

. . . and Near

Last week, outside my own door, a poor fellow was gassed in a manhole.

His workmate, going to his rescue, was gassed, too. Both died.

"We have all the gas-masks we want stored away," it is stated. Then why, in the name of humanity, should such valuable lives be wasted?—Albert E. Whitmell, 28, Countess Road, Northampton.

Do you know . . .

we pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your photograph or drawing illustrating the story?

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communication to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner ..... Page 11
Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
Human Documents ..... Page 22
Greatest of These— .... Page 26
True Story ..... Page 33

Nazi Spies Busy in Britain

GERMANY'S secret police are intensifying their activities in this country.

Irrefutable evidence proves that Gestapo—the Nazi police organisation—now controls a chain of spies and informants throughout Britain.

Detectives of Scotland Yard's Special Branch are well aware of what is happening. For months they have been keeping watch on the most important German agents.

FULL REPORTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO THE HOME OFFICE.

It is estimated that, in London alone, there are no fewer than 1,500 Germans acting under direct orders from the Gestapo.

They, and their colleagues in other parts of the country, are operating on three separate lines:

(1) National espionage on behalf of Germany—the collection of information on Service, political and industrial matters.

(2) Control of all German and Austrian subjects resident in Great Britain.

(3) Watch on British subjects of avowed anti-Nazi sympathies.

Many of the Gestapo agents are women. They come here for jobs as domestic servants, but before leaving Germany pass an intensive training in Nazi propaganda and espionage methods.

Some of these young women, controlled by the Gestapo, have secured situations in the houses of officers at Aldershot, Portsmouth, Uxbridge, and other Service centres.

They report upon everything they see and hear.

A memorandum about these domestic servant Nazi agents has been sent to the Home Secretary.

From our investigations we can say that a number of young well-educated German women are working in this country more or less under false pretences.

They came here as "visitors," giving an undertaking not to accept any employment, either paid or unpaid.

☆

Subsequently—and in defiance of their promises—they took situations as housekeepers and companions.

Many of them are really engaged in skilful Nazi propaganda, and as Gestapo "observers."

The decree of the German Foreign Office, enforcing registration on all German and Austrian subjects living in this country, will strengthen the insidious hold of the German secret police.

Twenty questions must be answered on the registration forms, and, for the purpose of registration, Germans and Austrians must attend personally at their nearest Consulate.

Information must be supplied on a variety of points.

They must state, for example, the nature of their work in Britain, by whom employed, the languages they speak, even whether they drive a motor car or not.

On the surface this questionnaire may appear to be a perfectly proper kind of census.

Behind the scenes the information extracted will provide the Gestapo with an immensely powerful spying machinery.

Germans and Austrians in Britain can easily be *forced* in future to act for their country's political, industrial and military interests.

They dare not refuse to obey orders. Should they do so they know the uncomfortable things likely to happen to their relations back in the Fatherland.

In Britain there are about 26,000 resident Germans and Austrians. Many of them are dreading the registration ordeal. They realise the implication of this individual attendance at Consular offices. They know that freedom of action—freedom of thought, even—will be taken from them.

After registration they will be units in the Gestapo machine; docketed and card indexed.

One undoubted aim of the registration is to bring about a campaign for the sale of German goods in this country.

Whenever possible the Germans and Austrians here will be compelled to buy articles of German manufacture.

To own a British-made motor car will be an offence noted against a German resident in Britain.

Indeed, to own anything of British manufacture when an equivalent of German origin can be obtained will be disloyalty.

So the propaganda for the Nazi régime and for all things obtaining to Greater Germany will be extended.

☆

Before long establishments are to be opened in London, Manchester, Birmingham and other provincial cities by a German overseas trading company.

This concern will press the sale of German household goods, and will use German and Austrian domestic servants to advertise their goods by word of mouth.

Authentic instances have been laid before the Home Office of systematic intimidation by the Gestapo.

Germans who wished to become naturalised as Britons have been prevented.

They have been told that "consequences" will follow their change of country. This means the Gestapo will make reprisals on members of the family remaining in Germany.

Actually, the position is this: The German subject in Britain can only live as directed by the Nazi officials.

He must become a member of the local Nazi club, attend the Nazi meetings, and subscribe to the Nazi funds.

Otherwise, the pressure of the Gestapo is intolerable.

Whatever he does is matter for report by the secret agents.

Already the intelligence system of the Nazi organisation is extraordinarily wide and accurate.

For example, the case of a German in London, who was in the habit of buying at a Piccadilly bookstall an anti-Nazi periodical published in Paris.

He returned to Germany on a visit, and on the frontier was arrested. He was told that his offence was anti-Nazi associations, and he was sent to a punishment camp.

Another German, going back home, was visited at his family house by the police and confronted with a snapshot of himself in a Regent Street café in conversation with an English Communist speaker.

☆

He also went to a concentration camp.

Complaints have been made to the London police by German refugees of being followed about by Gestapo agents, menaced, and even subjected to mysterious robberies in their homes.

Passports have been stolen and correspondence opened.

In some instances there have been anonymous letter threats of violence and death.

Now, with the Gestapo control of all German nationals in this country through the new registration, the plight of the German refugee becomes even more alarming.

He is afraid to register, because that means a visit to a Nazi Consulate and interrogation.

And he is afraid not to register because of the possible revenge against his family in Germany. He lives in a purgatory of fear with the threat of the Gestapo overshadowing him.

Mr. Geoffrey Mander, Member of Parliament for West Wolverhampton, has raised by persistent questions in the House of Commons the whole matter of German secret activity in England.

He has collected a great deal of information about extraordinary things which are happening, and has laid his dossier before the Home Office.

What the Home Office is doing to counter the Nazi spy menace remains a secret.

For good reasons, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, can make no public statement.

Behind the scenes our counter-espionage machine is working with keen endeavour.

Many of the Nazi secret agents will find soon that Britain has exhausted its hospitality towards them.

They will be turned out of this country.

And no regrets from anyone.

Without Fear or Favour

● Facts about the Gestapo

Gestapo is the abbreviated name for the German Secret Police—Geheime Staatspolizei—which was founded by Goering on April 21, 1933.

Herr Himmler, whom you see marching so blithely on the left, is the chief of this sinister organisation. Its duties include pursuit and punishment of all persons suspected by Hitler, or displeasing to him, at home and abroad.

Gestapo men can arrest anyone, take possession of any property without warrants, tap telephones and inspect postal packets.

When Himmler and his staff entered Vienna after Hitler's "conquest," they took over a 300-room luxury hotel, turned all other guests out.

Later, armed with whips, they toured factories, thrashing workers suspected as Socialists or Communists and those who did not cheer loudly enough.

Behind the scenes of Parliament are the men and women who set the political stage. Meeting discreetly at luncheons, the dinner-table and at week-end house parties their influence on the Nation's destiny is great.
Now read who they are and how they work.

PARLIAMENT'S "PUPPET-MASTERS"
From left to right—Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Sir Robert Vansittart, Sir Edward Peacock, Mr. Tom Jones, Mr. Montagu Norman.

Men and Women of Mystery

MOST people think that the business of politics is confined to the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

They would believe otherwise could they peep into London houses, where the most important receptions are those with only a dozen guests instead of the publicised thousand, at two or three exclusive clubs, and at two or three dozen equally exclusive and unostentatious flats, where the atmosphere is quiet and conducive to confidences.

Not all these non-public events are concerned with intrigue or with plotting.

In the end Parliament has the decisive and final word. That is why it is so overwhelmingly important.

Yet lots of people try to set the stage for Parliament, and it is during that setting that men and women flit about in the dim lights of behind the scenes.

Lady Astor, head of the "Cliveden Set," comes first, and that, no doubt, will not cause her displeasure.

Cliveden is the name of the great mansion overlooking the Thames near Taplow.

"Nancy" Astor leads the "Cliveden Set"

A lovely place, recently visited by men like the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, and the Chief Government Whip.

"Tommy - rot" and "A lot of nonsense" are phrases used by Lady Astor in her rather penetrating voice to dismiss stories of scheming by the "Cliveden Set."

Cliveden is not the only place in which Lady Astor is able to play her political cards.

There is No. 4, St. James's Square, a great town house, where other strictly political parties are given.

When Tom Jones went up the steps the other day he threw his coat over his head to baffle the photographers.

But that didn't matter, because for years he has been baffling multitudes of people far simpler than photographers.

The son of a Welsh miner, he spent years in the innermost circles of Downing Street and the Cabinet.

He knew what several Prime Ministers were going to say before they knew it themselves. He was in crisis after crisis, and, what is more, came out of them. Until recently the general idea was that he had gone out of politics.

But no man can go to Cliveden or to No. 4, St. James's Square, and be out of politics.

Interesting to know what Lady Astor and Lady Londonderry think of each other.

Not so long ago Lady Londonderry was the greatest political hostess in the country. It took half an hour or so to get up the staircase at one of her "crushes" at Londonderry House, Park Lane.

There was a little gap when Lord Londonderry was dropped from the Government by Earl Baldwin, then plain Mister. But the annual reception is on again.

And what is more, famous Germans are entertained at Mount Stewart, the Londonderry Irish castle, and every now and then Lord and Lady Londonderry are entertained in Germany.

Very natural, no doubt, but Ribbentrop doesn't play charades.

Always behind the political scenes is Mr. Montagu Norman. He has just entered on his nineteenth term as Governor of the Bank of England, and what he does not know about high-grade financial and international politics is not worth the trouble of trying to find out.

Many times slight, white-haired Mr. Montagu Norman has ruled the Cabinet and occasionally the country.

Take another banker, Sir Edward Peacock. He is a director of Barings and a director of the Bank of England.

Sixty-six years old, a Canadian who has lost his Canadian accent, he is dour, tight-lipped and tall.

In the City offices of Barings there is an upstairs old-fashioned, mid-Victorian dining-room where people of the highest status and influence are often brought to lunch. Flunkeys wait. Cooking is very plain. Service of wine is good.

Sir Edward Peacock, who presides at these lunches, was one of the intermediaries between the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the American bankers during the financial crisis which led to the fall of the Labour Government.

He has been often since at No. 10, Downing Street, and a visitor to Buckingham Palace as well.

☆ Once Peacock was a £4-a-week assistant college master in Toronto. Now his money interests spread from Barcelona to Mexico.

His personal influence in British and world affairs is very great.

You may never have heard of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, but in his quiet, unassuming way, he moulds this country's policy as much as any other one man, including even the Prime Minister.

He was private secretary to Asquith during the old Liberal's Premiership. Then, for some years, he was a high-powered Treasury Adviser.

Now he is the Chief Economic Adviser to the Government.

Big, heavy-featured, with thick-lensed spectacles, he keeps in constant touch with economic and financial developments all over the world either by personal visits to this, that or the other country, or through the amazing "intelligence service" he has created.

Running a similar sort of behind-the-scenes job is Sir Robert Vansittart, the £3,000-a-year Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government. For a long time he was Permanent Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office.

Then the new post was created, and he now keeps his eye on the world in general, collects information that would make a writer of thrillers turn green with envy, puts his deductions and his recommendations into the formal language of Whitehall and shoots it to the Government.

Every now and then he has to have a police guard, and in his spare time he has a game of tennis, writes a play, plans a novel, or scribbles out a bit of verse.

Funny how novel-writing goes to the head of these behind-the-scenes men.

Colonel F. T. Tweed wrote a best-seller while he was having a holiday aboard a cargo-boat. But he has done more unusual things than that.

Once, as a young man, he tried to turn an honest penny by calling at houses to sell tombstones.

☆ He was variously journalist, dock labourer, and a house-to-house salesman of sewing machines.

Then, one day, he became a Liberal organiser, and it wasn't long before he was the boss of Manchester Liberalism.

Strange, perhaps, that an old war-horse like Lloyd George should need a political adviser, but he does, and Colonel Tweed is the man.

Colonel Tweed finds out what is going on in every Party—including his own.

Who do you think will decide

when the next General Election is to be?

Maybe not the Prime Minister. Maybe not the Cabinet. But two smartly-dressed men, neither of whom is famous in the public sense.

One prepares his plans in an office near Westminster Bridge. He is Sir Patrick Gower, the real controller of the Conservative Central Office.

The other bustles about the House of Commons day and night. He is Capt. Margesson, the Government Chief Whip.

When the Prime Minister gets into a general election frame of mind these two will get together.

If the one says that his Party machine in the country is well-oiled and in good working order, and if the other says that his M.P.s are in good fighting trim, then they will give the Premier the signal to start.

These are only a few glimpses of what goes on behind the political scenes.

On the one hand, the parties, the receptions, the "just-drop-round-for-a-chat" invitations to a carefully selected half-dozen key men or key women.

On the other, the men—and occasionally the women—who have their hands on the big wires and know when to pull them.

There are scores of them, and they are always busy.

Golden Guinea-Pigs

By a "John Bull" Investigator

AS the little Greek left the Bankruptcy Court I touched him on the shoulder.

Ex-head waiter at one of London's luxury night clubs, he had given some curious evidence during his examination about commissions paid to him for introducing "people of position" to company promoters and brokers.

I wanted to know more—and he was willing enough to talk. In fact, he seemed surprised that everyone didn't know about his strange "racket."

"I'm only one of a score of agents who trade in what we call 'guinea-pigs,'" he told me.

"THEY'RE people of rank or title with very little money who are ready to sell the use of their names to anyone, such as company promoters, willing to buy them for the dignity they lend to a list of directors.

"Almost every big night club and restaurant of the flashiest kind has its little clique of penniless men and women, who are allowed to wine and dine free because of their names and supposed social connections.

I'm tell you this because then you'll appreciate why it is important for an expensive cabaret-restaurant to provide its hangers-on with a source of income—if it can.

"For one thing, they can dress better, and appearances count a lot.

"That's where I and the other guinea-pig agents come in. By introducing these hangers-on to the right people we get them jobs as company directors and on the boards of commercially-run charities.

"Of course, they have neither business ability nor training. That doesn't matter—it is their titles and names we really find employment for."

The Greek produced a memorandum book and showed me three pages of names. "These are only a few of my placings," he explained. "In three years I have been the intermediary in arranging directorships for more than a hundred impecunious people who happen to have some rank or dignity."

Opposite each of the names I saw sums of money, from £100 to £450, noted.

These, I was told, were the commissions paid for successful introductions.

"The money is paid to me," said the Greek, "mostly by men in the City who call themselves outside brokers, and are behind most of the doubtful propositions to which the public is asked to subscribe.

"When they want to form an elegant-looking board of directors they come to me or someone else connected with society night-life and ask for a meeting to be arranged with one or other of our non-paying, titled dummies."

When I left the Greek I went into the City and talked with the principal of a famous firm of chartered accountants.

From a cabinet he took a file of more than twenty share offers made to the public since the beginning of this year.

Coloured pencil marks appeared against the names of directors on every sheet.

"Each of these, he explained, is a society nonentity, and not one of them is fitted to be even a clerk, far less director of a business to which the public is invited to subscribe.

"THE greatest trouble is that, once they become fastened to a company which has any hope of surviving, it is impossible to get rid of them unless they are heavily bribed to quit—to the cost of the shareholders."

The public, added this eminent accountant, became chary of entrusting its money to companies with spectacular lists of directors after the downfall of Clarence Hatry, now serving a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude.

Their eyes were opened by revelations concerning Lord Winchester, premier marquis of England and Hereditary Bearer of the Cap of Maintenance, who was chairman of the Hatry group and brought to ruin by their collapse.

"But now small investors seem to have forgotten that terrible lesson," he continued.

* * *

"What is so tragic is that in criminal, bankruptcy and liquidation proceedings involving loss to the public, the culprits have to be exonerated by the courts.

"They have only to plead that they were dummies and took no part in the administration of a business, however fraudulent, to escape scot-free.

"There is no power in law to deal with them if it cannot be proved they connived at the robbery of investors or creditors."

The Companies Acts were designed to regulate the limited liability system of trading, to help the wheels of commerce to run smoothly, to protect the public and, above all, to prevent breakdown and panic.

By tolerating guinea-pig directors these Acts are destroying these worthy aims.

Never was the need for overhauling them more urgent than it is now, for they are "breeding" guinea-pigs on a scale that imperils sound finance and honest trading.

GRAFTERS REAPING HARVEST

ATTENTION of Government Departments — particularly the Home Office and the Ministry of Health—is being directed towards the spread of graft and bribery in commercial and municipal affairs.

Prosecutions in this connection are increasing. There were more convictions under the Prevention of Corruption Acts during the past twelve months than for many years.

Yet, despite prosecutions and punishments, the evil is rampant.

Constant reports reach the Ministry of Health alleging the "rigging" for private gain of municipal contracts.

At the moment, two important towns—one in the Eastern counties and the other in the West—are under suspicion and investigation.

Evidence suggests that, in both cases, certain members of the local authority *arranged* lucrative contracts for firms in which they held interest.

In another instance an official participated in the back-handed proceeds which came from the signing of contracts.

While, in a further case an ex-mayor was alleged to be a party in an agreement which provided him with a considerable sum of money. Establishing proof is the chief difficulty in this kind of municipal graft.

The complication of the share-holding companies tendering for contracts makes positive identification of offenders extremely hard.

But with these two cases—the Eastern town and the Western town — sensational developments are likely.

* * *

In London the borough of Poplar has managed to recover from contractors no less than £26,000 lost through the corruption and dishonesty of an official.

Rather interesting to note the diverse nature of the latest prosecutions for bribery and corruption. Here is a selection:

An inspector employed by the London Passenger Transport Board, accepting bribes from a contractor, four months' imprisonment.

Police official in the traffic department of Glasgow supplying a solicitor with confidential information in return for payment of £63; six months' hard labour.

Greyhound racing trainer taking money from a bookmaker to dope dogs. This was a Bradford case and the penalty was a fine of £25.

London motor dealer offering a detective £25 to obtain the release from custody of an alleged receiver of stolen property—two months' imprisonment.

Since the present Anti-Bribery and Corruption Acts were enforced there have been 810 convictions for different breaches of the law.

Of these, 388 were police cases; 273 official cases, while the remainder were private prosecutions.

Fines imposed amounted to £30,567. Offenders sent to prison numbered 149.

* * *

Yet graft is growing and growing. There is not a phase of ordinary life in which it does not exist to the detriment of the honest individual.

Why, even in the House of Commons there is frequent approach to Members—with insidious suggestion of advantage which may follow—if they will agree to look after specific commercial interests in relation to Parliamentary Bills.

Graft is the biggest "racket" of modern life in this country.

Spend More, Gain More

DEAR MR. ERNEST BROWN,—No serious trade slump here; no reason why it should come in the future.

Unemployment is down by 61,440 in a month. This is only two-thirds of the usual drop at this time of year, yet it gives reason for rejoicing.

Why? Because the U.S.A. is overwhelmed by the worst slump in its see-saw trade history.

And you remember what happened here when the last great fall shook America in 1931.

Our worst unemployment record. Economy madness. Wage cuts which have only lately been restored.

This time we should be prepared. You, as Minister of Labour, must take the lead.

Roosevelt has learned the lesson. He plans to spend another £300 millions on public works.

As yet, Britain is hardly affected. Actually, 16,000 more people are working now than a year ago.

But a million and three-quarters are still jobless. Banks are glutted with money awaiting investment. Great public works are needed.

Why not spend the money to provide work?

Vast areas of our land should be drained. Water supply schemes must banish the drought peril.

Electricity should be made available to every home. Railways should be modernised.

Scores of docks and harbours require improvement. New roads and bridges are urgently needed. So the list goes on.

By wise spending we shall make Britain richer, save fine workers from rotting, stave off the slump that threatens when the arms boom ends.

I repeat: We have the money, we have the men. They should be introduced to each other now!—JOHN BULL.

Britain's trade is Set Fair—why not make it Very Fine!

OPEN LETTERS

Lord Lymington's plan would really mean "Famine in England"

VISCOUNT LYMINGTON,
Farleigh House, near Basingstoke

MY LORD,—You must think again. For a long, long time.

We just can't afford to pay three shillings in the pound more for our food.

Such an addition might, as you suggest, make the farmers secure. It would also justify the title of the book, "Famine in England," which you have written to launch this astonishing proposal.

Evidently you know little about ordinary people. Already rising costs of living are seriously worrying millions of families.

Old and young alike are having to tighten their belts.

To say that if they paid more for food they would get better quality, and therefore living would not really be dearer than now, is a specious argument.

How can people obtain better nourishment if they can't afford to buy it?

Besides, agriculture can be saved, Britain protected from wartime famine, by sounder methods than inflated prices.

Recently I devoted two pages to showing how this can be done. By more scientific farming. A proper distributive system that would cut out middlemen profiteers. Reclamation by the State of fallow land, and so on. That's the common-sense way!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS,
Pro-Fascist Author

DEAR BEVERLEY,—Thank you for nothing. Not even a popular author can persuade intelligent people that we are a washed-out, done-for nation.

A Fascist leader, according to you, is the man for whom we are all waiting.

Waiting to kick, perhaps.

Not long ago you championed a religious sect. Before that you went pacifist. Before that you were a rural propagandist.

Well, there are still plenty of movements for you to espouse.

But though lots of people love to saunter with you down the garden path and hear how the flowers talk to you so prettily, I doubt if they will let you lead them *up* the garden path.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. EDWARD YATES,
Driver's Buildings, Mile End, London

DEAR MADAM,—You told Lord Horder and other distinguished guests at a luncheon how you feed your husband, your little boy and yourself on 10s. 2½d. a week.

Your speech was broadcast. Because the B.B.C. paid you, your unemployment allowance has been stopped.

Knowing the little dodges of officialdom, that does not surprise me. But I am surprised that your neighbours now shun you.

They think that to expose their poverty is not playing the game.

Of course, it is the finest thing for them. But their pride, however mistaken, says a lot for the courage of human nature in the black spots.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P.: Your smashing win conclusive proof that Britain wants no truckling to dictators.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Mr. Brown has £100 in the Post Office Savings Bank.

He has to pay income tax on his annual interest of £2 10s.

Mr. Smith has a piece of land worth £100 that lies idle. He doesn't pay tax because it earns no rent.

After ten years, he sells it for £700. But his terrific profit is still tax-free because it is reckoned as "capital increase."

If you have the courage—and are allowed by Mr. Chamberlain—to sweep away such unjust discriminations, you will be an improvement on some other Chancellors.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. ERNEST BARKER,
Cambridge

DEAR DOCTOR,—Nonsense! It's simply unnatural to treat boys as "natural monks" and girls as "natural nuns."

Boys and girls should play separately, you assert. They should be kept apart until "mating time comes and they look at each other with curious eyes."

Any parent of a mixed family can tell you where you are wrong.

Boys and girls may quarrel, but joint activities prevent the terrible shyness and lack of understanding that burdens children who are not allowed to meet the other sex.

Get thee to a monastery, doctor.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. F. ROUS,
Secretary, Football Association

DEAR MR. ROUS,—A team of hefty footballers should be employed to kick the F.A.'s Rules Revision Committee.

For the proposal to keep secret all Cup "gates" and cash figures can only offend the public. Which might very well lead to a decline in those "gates."

It is said that publication of the figures, which interest every enthusiast of the game, has encouraged the players' demand for higher wages.

A strange theory. Every club has to issue a balance-sheet giving weekly attendances, so the players could get the facts even if the suggested "hush-hush" ban was applied to the public.

The football mandarins met with crushing defeat when they tried to stop the pools. They should have learnt from that sorry experience that they cannot dictate to the people who make big gates and big money possible.—JOHN BULL.

SIR R. KENNEDY-COX: Modern youth may be better than its parents, but you won't convince grousers it isn't a crime to be young.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS,
Hitler's Propaganda Minister

HERR DOKTOR,—Whether we like it or not, we must admit the truth of your amazing speech at Nuremberg.

"Formerly," you said, "any British Cabinet Minister could spend his week-end quietly. To-day things are different." They are.

"The rare moment has come in which the world is being redistributed." Abyssinia, Austria, China and Spain are the first instalments of plunder.

And you pointed out that Germany marched her swollen armies into the Rhineland and Austria when democratic countries were engaged with other problems. Therein lies the secret of how peace may yet be saved.

The great democracies *must* preserve a united front. They must recognise the just claims of the Have-not nations while insisting on the rule of international law and order.

And the League must be revitalised.—JOHN BULL.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS,
Millbank, London

GENTLEMEN,—Ashamed of yourselves?

Even old-age pensioners are sending a shilling or two to the Rev. S. A. N. Huntley.

This grey-haired Northamptonshire vicar is so miserably paid that he can afford only 4d. for a meal. He's lost two stone in weight during the past year.

There are hundreds of parsons existing in poverty as bitter and as disgraceful. There are many others whose congregations are meagre but whose stipends are magnificent.

I know your excuse. You're trying to persuade the overpaid to hand over a bit for their poorer brethren—voluntarily.

Make it compulsory. Get power to iron out these shameful differences.—JOHN BULL.

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End that Stupid HOLIDAY SCRAMBLE!

"Staggered" holidays would end that August fetish which sends us teeming to the seaside

After a long fight by the trade unions and by "John Bull," every British worker may soon have a week's holiday with pay — arranged on a "staggered" plan to avoid chaos in August.

Without one dissenting voice, the Holidays with Pay Committee has made this recommendation to the Government and it is likely to be accepted. Thirteen million people will benefit.

Other recommendations are a new fixed Bank Holiday in the Spring and a Government Department to control holidays.

Main cause of the August rush is the school year, which ends in July. "Why let the school calendar dictate to the nation?"

asks

A. G. Gardiner

"SUMMER-TIME" is here.

The Easter Sun, as the old legend has it, is "dancing" in the sky, the woodlands are bursting into leaf, and all the world turns to the open air, the open road and the glittering sands of the seashore.

It is the moment to talk about holidays, and to talk about them with a purpose.

What that purpose is needs few words of explanation.

During the next few days the whole population of these islands will be in a swirl of motion from Land's End to John o' Groats.

The towns will empty over the countryside and the country cousins will come to town.

There will be a momentary "jam" at the seaside, a mighty congestion on road and rail, and a sudden clamour for bed and breakfast at every available youths' hostel and boarding-house in the land.

By Tuesday next the spasm will have passed. Seaside and countryside alike will return to their normal solitude and, except for another spasm of a day or two at Whitsun, little will be heard of holidays until the end of July.

Nearly three of the loveliest months of our English summer will pass with the whole working population of the country glued to their tasks in offices, factories, schools and mines.

Then, towards the end of July, we shall all, as if by a sudden impulse, be seized with the holiday mania.

We shall descend on the seaside and pleasure resorts everywhere in thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions.

During the peak month of August 20,000,000 of us, roughly half the population of the country, will be on holiday somewhere.

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We shall swamp the railways (40,000 extra trains are run in August alone). We shall crowd into overcrowded trains.

We shall swamp the seaside resorts. We shall be suffocated indoors and out. We shall put up with bad accommodation, bad service, bad beds and high prices, and shall be lucky if we don't see the end of our holiday with thanksgiving that we are returning to the comforts of home.

And all because we are compelled by circumstances to crowd our holidays into six weeks or so of the year instead of spreading them over the four months of high summer. No one benefits by this congestion. The public suffer in discomfort and in pocket. The railway systems are reduced to chaos.

The seaside resorts, compelled to gather in a hasty harvest that will carry them over the lean ten or eleven months, are strained to the limits of their resources and their tempers.

And the situation is rapidly growing worse. It is growing worse for an excellent reason.

When I was a boy only the well-to-do could afford to take holidays away from home.

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To-day, I rejoice to say, we are a nation of holiday-makers.

Social revolution that has taken place in the last two generations has had no happier result than this.

Holidays are now a matter of course, and the habit of travel, encouraged by the new transport facilities and the scores of agencies like the Polytechnic and the W.T.A., has become universal.

But we have only touched the fringe of its possibilities.

A movement is afoot, and is nearing achievement, that will give it an enormous impulse.

It is the movement in favour of holidays with pay.

Even as a voluntary measure it has made remarkable strides. Firm after firm has come into line, and it is estimated that 5,000,000 workers now enjoy holidays with pay.

But the case for making the holiday with pay a statutory obligation, a sort of first charge on profits, is becoming irresistible.

It nearly came into force last session, and cannot be delayed much longer in face of the unanimous report signed by the Holiday with Pay Committee.

That Report constitutes an imperative recommendation to the Government to implement the scheme which has been advocated in these columns for years past.

And Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, has given a provisional assurance to the House that he will act upon it.

When this recommendation is in operation it will apply to something like 13,000,000 more people—making a grand total of 18,000,000.

Many of them, no doubt, are already included in the August rush, but, making the fullest allowance for this fact, there will certainly be a vast intensification of the existing holiday congestion.

In short, from every point of view, whether of the public, of the transport systems, or of the seaside resorts, a drastic change in the national holiday arrangements is necessary.

What is the difficulty that stands in the way of a spread-over from the six weeks or so to the four months?

There is no particular virtue about August from a holiday point of view.

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In the matter of weather it has an inferior record to those of May, June, July or September.

It has less daylight than three of those months, when the aspect of Nature is at its freshest and all outdoor pastimes are at their zenith.

There is not a fact in August's favour, unless it be that it is nearer the dark months than the others. On that I will make a remark later.

The reason for the congestion is simple, and has nothing to do with the relative merits of the months.

We all—excluding the fortunate few who can take their holidays when they choose—crowd to the seaside and the country in August because the school year gives us no other choice where we have families to consider.

The school calendar is arranged so that the term ends and the examinations take place at the end of July.

It is this fact which holds us in leash during the pleasant months of May, June and early July, and sends us all in a mob together to the sea when the school-doors are locked.

That such a trivial matter as the school calendar should be permitted to inflict such vast and varied disabilities upon the nation as those I have indicated is an example of our lazy acceptance of things as they are because they are.

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The remedy, as the recent debate in the House of Commons showed, is in the hands of Parliament, and it should be adopted without delay.

There are difficulties, of course, but they are negligible by comparison with the enormous advantages of a holiday spread over the summer months.

End the school year at Easter instead of the end of July, and the main source of the August congestion is removed.

It would be necessary to have Easter as a fixed and not a movable feast as now; but that would be a gain to us on other grounds.

A late Easter would bring May and June into the holiday picture and extend the seaside season over the whole of the summer months.

Not from the B.B.C.

Courting the Courtesy Cop

MANNERS Chesterfieldian,
Voices B.B.C.,
Mark our brand-new
traffic cops,
Flowers of courtesy!

Little words of warning,
Firm but most polite,
Make the erring motorist
Yearn to do what's right.

Let's, then, try these super-cops
In a wider field;
To their pretty speeches
E'en Bill Sikes might yield!

SUMMONSES and fines have done little toward stamping out crime among the road-using classes.

But the Minister of Transport, convinced that there is a spark of good in every man, even an owner-driver, has unleashed a corps of Courtesy Cops to try the reformative methods favoured by modern criminology.

This plainly is a step in the right direction. But motorists are not the only evil-doers susceptible to a courteous approach and kindly advice.

Why should not the common or garden suburb P.C. also acquire the technique of the courtesy cop?

Flashing his torch upon a gent emerging from a window of "Mon Repos" with a well-filled sack C.C. (as distinct from P.C.) 49 would politely inform him that, in behaving thus, he rendered himself liable to be treated as a suspected person.

He would then hand Mr. Sikes a neatly-printed card which pointed out: "The Police are doing all they can to reduce crime, but they have to rely largely upon the aid of individual criminals. PLEASE HELP US."

Then would come a clicking of the heels, a brisk salute and a courteous "Good-night, Sir" from the constable—a procedure surely calculated to cause W. Sikes to burst into tears and decide there and then to become a Better Man.

But would it? For it remains to be seen what effect the new technique will have upon road-users.

At least let us hope that not many will reveal the spirit of irresponsibility of "Hopeful Gertie," from whom I have received a deplorable rhyme, written with lipstick on the back of a road-house bill of fare:

Whoops girls! Isn't life grand?
I've had such a marvellous morning!
I picked out a nice-looking courtesy cop,
Then drove on a bit when the lights signalled "Stop,"
So he'd come up and issue a warning.

His manner was simply divine!
Quite at ease, just a teeny bit haughty;
His eyes had a twinkle, his lips a faint smile,
As he told me—in oh! such a shy-making style—
That I really had been very naughty!

Then, smartly saluting, he went;
And now my ambition, I own, is
To meet with the darling again. So I plan
To break ev'ry rule of the road that I can
Till I'm copped by my Hendon Adonis!

V. Z.

Help yourself . . and please yourself

"Help yourself to Cigarettes." As a business woman and hostess I know that invitation to be a most useful conversational opening . . . . . particularly if the Cigarettes are Player's, because "all the world and his wife" seem to prefer Player's, either "Medium" or "Mild." So I always offer a box of each with the injunction "Help yourself and please yourself" knowing for certain they will.

BOTH BLENDS ARE CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Player's Please

MEDIUM MILD

MIS

● His Diary—

Arrived in London Australia penniless ;
Made £20,000 in ten mo as share-pusher ;
Then brought accomp 6,000 miles to operat bigger scale ;
Took over control "bank" ;
Launched series of spu companies ;
Staged gang "hold
— And then Vanish

JOHN BULL here rev inner facts of an conspiracy.

A group of unscr financiers have perpetr most astonishing series o sitions on the public ar vanished.

Inventing alluring g quick schemes, they ind least two peers and othe men to lend their names.

They then set out to their victims with audacity.

Their offices were the lat in opulence, set in the best the West End. Another, cently appointed, was under the very shadow of of London's ancient Guildh

Skilfully they laid their

Star Share-pus

Colossal sums are involve are only now beginning t that they have been caugh land Yard detectives h stepped in because at leas the leading "financiers"—i all Australians—have bolte

Their palatial offices ha their doors.

James Moffatt, ex-jockey tralia, is the principal ring the gang.

Back in 1935 Moffatt a London from Australia. scarcely a bean on him.

Enquiries in the realm ful finance convinced him man for his purpose w Rothfield, known general "Count."

Rothfield was by turn lender's tout, cigar mer dubious Hatton Garden broker, a share-pusher sp in Canadian gold-mines a rooms.

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Moffatt got in touch w field, and soon became share-pusher.

In ten months he cleaned £20,000 as his share of th

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Twenty thousand in te

MISSING MAGNATE: Exclusive Exposure

● His Diary—

Arrived in London from Australia penniless;

Made £20,000 in ten months as share-pusher;

Then brought accomplices 6,000 miles to operate on bigger scale;

Took over control of "bank";

Launched series of spurious companies;

Staged gang "hold-up"

—And then **Vanished!**

JOHN BULL here reveals the inner facts of an amazing conspiracy.

A group of unscrupulous financiers have perpetrated a most astonishing series of impositions on the public and have vanished.

Inventing alluring get-rich-quick schemes, they induced at least two peers and other titled men to lend their names.

They then set out to exploit their victims with masterly audacity.

Their offices were the latest thing in opulence, set in the best part of the West End. Another, magnificently appointed, was situated under the very shadow of the City of London's ancient Guildhall.

Skilfully they laid their traps.

Star Share-pusher

Colossal sums are involved. Dupes are only now beginning to realise that they have been caught. Scotland Yard detectives have just stepped in because at least four of the leading "financiers" involved—all Australians—have bolted.

Their palatial offices have closed their doors.

James Moffatt, ex-jockey of Australia, is the principal ringleader of the gang.

Back in 1935 Moffatt arrived in London from Australia. He had scarcely a bean on him.

Enquiries in the realm of doubtful finance convinced him that the man for his purpose was Harry Rothfield, known generally as the "Count."

Rothfield was by turns money-lender's tout, cigar merchant, a dubious Hatton Garden diamond broker, a share-pusher specialising in Canadian gold-mines and mushrooms.

He is at present serving a five years' sentence of penal servitude passed upon him only a few months ago.

At the time Rothfield was selling shares in a ramp called the Livingstone Trust.

Moffatt got in touch with Rothfield, and soon became his star share-pusher.

In ten months he cleaned up about £20,000 as his share of the swag!

Anyone in the neighbourhood of Green Street, Leicester Square, might have seen Moffatt setting out to sell worthless shares, carrying a small attaché case and driving off in a small 9-h.p. car.

Twenty thousand in ten months is a fortune to most of us. But Moffatt was greedy.

He did not see why Rothfield should scoop the pool to the extent of some £70,000, and was determined to run the racket himself.

Certain things were needed to abstract large sums from the pockets of the public.

First-class banking references were essential. How could a shady character, with no background, acquire these? Chance threw an opportunity in his way.

He heard that negotiations were in progress for the purchase of an old-established but dormant firm of private bankers in the City—Chalmers, Guthrie and Co.

Formerly they had a big name as merchant bankers, their reputation unsullied.

By payment of a fee of a few pounds to Somerset House it is possible to resuscitate a firm lying dormant and then trading under the name, use the goodwill of a fine old reputation for purposes of fraud.

M.P. in Trap

Moffatt manipulated this. He acquired a controlling interest in Chalmers, Guthrie and Co., Ltd., King Street, E.C.

Immediately this happened he sent to Australia for an accomplice named Roy Worth, who was made a director of the bank and occupied the managerial chair.

Directors were collected. One was named de Rothschild, but he was not connected with the famous bankers.

A well-known M.P. was led into the trap, but when he realised the methods of the "bank" he quickly dropped out.

A famous City firm of solicitors innocently lent its name for a time.

Now Mr. James Moffatt had a "background"—a bank to refer to for commercial enquiries and other respectable connections.

He was ready for operations. Chalmers, Guthrie and Co. brought out an amazing brochure, for which the printers have never been paid. It solicited deposits as an "old-established merchant bank."

Moffatt duped one woman living near Glasgow of no less than £27,000.

By now, in place of the modest 9-h.p. car, he drove a great Rolls-Royce with a chauffeur, and lavishly entertained famous film stars and actresses at a beautiful country house called "Sunhaven," near Elstree.

It was by emulating the methods of Henry Rothfield that the magnate, Moffatt, went out for Big Money

Looking round for new fields to conquer, Moffatt decided that property societies were worth while. They offered great chances for trapping the small investor.

For a £10 registration such a society had power to borrow up to a million sterling under the Friendly Societies Act, in limited individual sums.

Consequently, Moffatt started out at Arlington Street, London, W., as James Moffatt, financier, and Lloyd's Portland Property Trust, Ltd.

Fresh and attractive brochures and circulars were broadcast. Advertisements appeared in many newspapers.

How much money was raised is not yet known because the returns called for by the obsolete Friendly Society regulations so far contain unsatisfying information!

Moffatt next started the Marlborough Property Society in offices at Waterloo Place, London, S.W.

Worth, his Australian accomplice, was put up to rent these offices.

Lord Kinnoull, who has recently died, was stated to be chairman. On the file as the first member was Mr. James Maxwell, of Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park. This was an alias of Moffatt.

A man named R. J. McRae was the secretary. McRae was another of Moffatt's cronies, whom he sent for from Australia.

But let us go back a little. When Moffatt had got the Marlborough racket well away he met by chance in the street an acquaintance running a bookmaker's business in Bond Street.

Coronation arrangements for seats were being decided. Moffatt heard of a business man who was arranging big seating accommodation in an Oxford Street store.

Immediately Moffatt saw his chance. He met the man and offered to put up £2,500 on a sharing basis.

Coronation Fraud

To convince him of his solidity Moffatt took his new victim to the bank premises in the City.

Ushered in by a commissionaire, he was introduced to Worth, sitting at a big desk, all very opulent and impressive.

Worth was instructed to open a joint account for £500 to go on with.

Actually, nothing was paid out. Seats were sold to the tune of £7,000.

Following complaints, the police applied for a warrant against Moffatt for obtaining money under false pretences.

Meanwhile, he hid himself, but was arrested in the name of Maxwell. He succeeded in getting out of jail on £50 bail.

For several hearings the case dragged on. The arch-trickster was in a dilemma because the trial of Rothfield was coming on, and his earlier activities with share-pushing were likely to place him in a difficult position.

His resourcefulness was not yet quite at an end. He briefed counsel, who obtained for him a special adjournment of fourteen days.

Public Prosecutor, Sir Tindall Atkinson. His department is handling complaints about this amazing group of Australian financiers

At the adjourned hearing "Maxwell" was missing.

Shortly before his flight he had been involved—behind the scenes—in another case, which was reported in the Press and appeared to be very mysterious.

A man named Dale was accused by one "Stidworthy" of having robbed him of £1,000 by a confidence trick.

"Stidworthy" alleged that Dale—another Australian—had induced him to finance a bookmaker, who always got winning tips from an Australian jockey at Northolt Park.

Gang Vengeance

Finding himself duped, he had sent three gangsters down to Hastings, where Dale had fled.

There was a fight, and police intervened.

Dale was arrested, charged at Marylebone Police Court and remanded.

Unpleasant questions were asked "Stidworthy." He was found to be none other than Roy Worth.

He tried hard to drop the prosecution, in spite of the loss of £1,000, which had really been supplied by Moffatt.

Dale, meantime, pretended to be suffering from appendicitis, and was taken from Brixton Jail to hospital.

At night he escaped in pyjamas to a waiting car and disappeared.

Now, Worth, for his part, recently saw the danger signal and went into obscurity.

Finally McRae has wound up the Marlborough Property Society and disappeared. Callers find the offices closed and no information available.

Police, meanwhile, are seizing all correspondence. It is a case of locking the stable door after the horse has gone!

Thus, Moffatt (alias Maxwell), Roy Worth (alias Stidworthy and other names), R. J. McRae, and the confidence trickster, Dale, have all made themselves scarce.

Scotland Yard detectives are anxious to discover the whereabouts of James Moffatt.

Agents are looking for Worth to serve a bankruptcy petition.

This bunch of swindlers have left a nice wreckage behind them.

The total amount involved is not far short of a quarter of a million!

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WOOLS.—Free samples New Lines Knitting and Rug Wools and Latest Rug Guide.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-T.

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BUYING A CAMERA? Then why not get a Soho "Myna" All-British Folding Model for 15/-? This amazing bargain is fully described and Illustrated in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 3.

FREE.—A very useful booklet, "Equipment for the Cyclist and Motor Cyclist," will be sent to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Herbert Terry & Sons, Ltd., Redditch. Terry's amazing new saddle inventions are waterproof and enable you to flout as you ride after one minute's adjustment. Get fullest information free by writing now, while you think of it.

THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70/76, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address.

FREE.—Housewives, here's good news! Say good-bye to all old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeping and the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. The "Dudley Electric 3" vacuum cleaner makes spring-cleaning easy. Fill in the coupon on page 33 for free folder and particulars of the model illustrated.

A FREE copy of the Royal Enfield Cycle Catalogue, E.1, is offered to readers who fill in the coupon in the display advt. on this page.

EVERY home should have an Acme Portable Wringer-Mangle—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Write at once mentioning *John Bull*, for free illus. booklet, 2c, describing all models, sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow, S.E.

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MORE CASH FOR POULTRY-KEEPERS. Make bigger profits from your poultry NOW by getting the new revised 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. NOW on sale. Packed with valuable information. NEARLY 400 PAGES deal with every poultry problem—essential help for beginners and experts alike. Send a 2/6 P.O. TO-DAY to the "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

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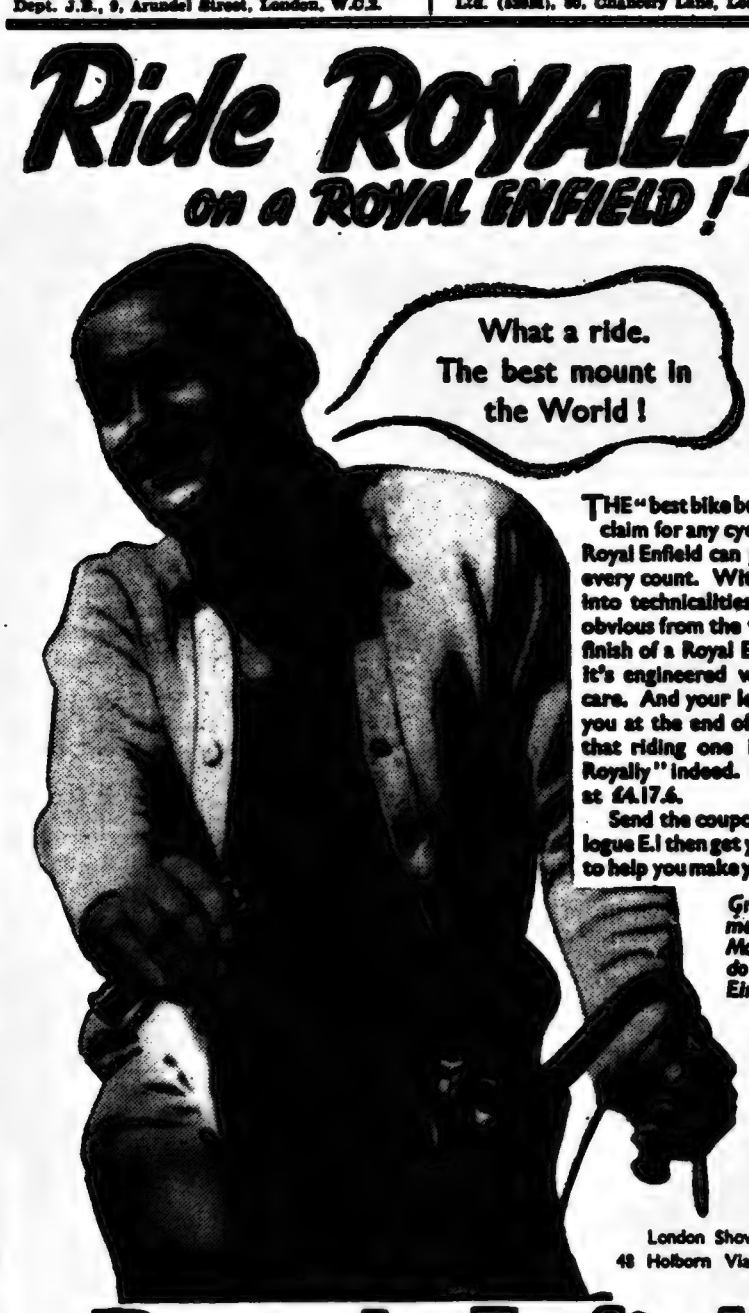
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HOLIDAY CAMPS.

BRAMBLES CHINE HOLIDAY CAMP, Colwell Bay, Isle of Wight.—Book now for a jolly holiday. Send for Brochure to A. G. Preece.

COLD AND INFLUENZA successfully treated by Cuphoc, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE sample. —CEPHOC, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 34.

FREE Booklet on Skin Diseases! Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 29. A free copy of a special booklet with full details of a guarantee will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement.

SUFFERERS from Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Stomach Troubles should not overlook the Dr. Scott's Pill advert. on page 27.

IF you suffer with influenza, colds or fevers, send for a free copy of "Everybody's Doctor" to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mention *John Bull* when writing

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 8, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. in stamps for postage. See page 28.

FREE.—A beautiful book illustrated in colour of modern colour schemes of Maisone colours is offered to *John Bull* readers. Simply send a p.c. with your name and address in block capitals to Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.1), Homerton, London, E.9.

IF you are going to buy your house, let the Abbey Road, London's largest Building Society, help you. See page 24.

FREE.—The proprietors of Robbialac will send you transfers of your initials, which are all the rage these days, if you write your full name, initials and address in block letters on a postcard and send in an envelope, together with a 1½d. stamp and a lid from a tin of Robbialac Synthetic Finish (obtainable at any paint shop, ironmonger or cycle dealer in 6d. and 1/- sizes) and post to Initials, Dept. J.B.1, Robbialac Works, London, E.15. Be sure that your envelope is sealed and bears a 1½d. stamp and marked "THIS CONTAINS A LID." See page 28.

WOMEN readers, permanently wave your hair yourself while you read, work or sleep. Simple as A.B.C. No heat—no machine—no electricity. Complete outfit, nothing else to buy, 7/6 post free, from Endura (England), Ltd. (Dept. 13), 5/6, Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for full particulars.

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.R.44, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a wonderful free booklet and voucher, worth 3 coupons, which will give you full particulars of offer. Write at once for free booklet.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Pondre Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder and 6 packages of different colours, also Crème Tokalon Skinfood. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 22BK), Chase Road, London, N.W.10). Enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

A HINT ON THE STAINING AND VARNISHING OF WOODWORK. Perhaps it is your desire this spring to stain and varnish a floor, the stairs, cupboard, or to renovate some of your furniture. Here is a helpful hint which should prove helpful to readers. Do not choose a Stain that dries too quickly; such stains become tacky on the brush and make it extremely difficult to apply evenly. There is a Stain called "Varnene" Oil Varnish Stain which, because of its extreme ease in use and exceptional hard-wearing qualities, deserves special notice. It ensures a hard, glossy finish which will not readily chip or scratch and enables ordinary white woods to be transformed into really excellent representations of Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, etc. "Varnene" is obtainable in Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish at Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Stores. Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

TO KEEP FRENCH POLISHED FURNITURE PERFECT. During the next few weeks, many housewives will be turning their attention to their French Polished furniture, the polishing of which is one of the most important of the Spring Cleaning tasks. Care should, therefore, be taken to use a polish which does not show fingermarks and which will also give a lasting brightness. A polish to be most strongly recommended is "Min" Cream, which can be relied upon to give an exceedingly brilliant gloss with very little trouble. It is quite safe to say that a Mahogany and Walnut Dining Table or suite never looks better than when it is polished with "Min" Cream. Another great service which "Min" can render the housewife is with the cleaning of white enamel paint. For this purpose "Min" is far more satisfactory than washing, because while it quickly removes dirt, it, at the same time, restores the brilliance of the enamel. "Min," by the way, is also a splendid polish for the coachwork of the Car.

POLISHED floors are a popular feature of the modern house, because they not only give an impression of brightness, but are also recognised as being clean and healthy. To keep them in perfect condition with the minimum of trouble, a really efficient polish such as "Mansion" is all that is necessary. "Mansion" not only gives a very bright and lasting finish, but has the further advantage that it is a reliable antiseptic polish and affords protection against the germs which lurk in all dust. It is equally good for stained surrounds, parquet or linoleum. It should be specially noted that linoleum lasts much longer if, instead of being washed, it is regularly waxed with Mansion Polish.

HERE are a few ways in which Scrubb's Ammonia acts as a wonderful cleanser. Scrubb's will remove grease and stains like magic—from suits, carpets, upholstery, etc. It will clean and brighten silver, electro-plate, tiles, floors, glass, crockery, marble, oil cloth, paintwork, woodwork, etc. It removes grease so effectively that it positively halves the labour of washing-up. No matter how greasy your plates or dishes are, you have no difficulty in cleaning them if you use Scrubb's Ammonia, as directed on the bottle. You know how difficult it is to clean hairbrushes and combs—particularly when grease or other preparations are used on the hair. They can be cleaned thoroughly in a few minutes with Scrubb's—every speck of grease or dirt removed from the bristles or from between the teeth of the smallest comb. Scrubb's loosens dirt wherever it is. In families where there is a young baby, Scrubb's makes washing nappies quite a light job. If you soak nappies overnight (see directions on the bottle) they are half cleaned by the morning! It leaves them wonderfully clean and fresh—soft and soothing to baby's delicate skin. If you would like to know more about Scrubb's, a valuable free booklet, "Home Hints, 1938," is offered to all readers. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Scrubb & Co., Ltd., Glasshouse Walk, London, S.E.11. See page 29.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

Crooked Prince Treasure Scheme

H.I.H. Prince Yusuf, "Nawaub of Tigre." He is engaged on some amazing missions. One is to live by his wits.

MANY persons in the London area are anxious to interview a coloured gentleman who calls himself Prince Yusuf of Abyssinia.

This princely hoaxer has his letters addressed to "H.I.H. Prince Yusuf." His wife is described as "Princess." But apparently a less exalted name he uses is "Shashu."

At all events, Yusuf is living on his wits.

His main stock-in-trade is that he has for long enjoyed the confidence of Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia.

The colourful story he has spread about is that the Emperor had concealed vast stores of gold underground in Abyssinia. He had been deputed to smuggle them out of the country.

Letters he produced purported to be negotiations with Lloyd's to ship the gold back for £12,000, though, needless to say, Lloyd's are not shippers.

"So, you see, everything is arranged and soon we shall all be rich," he told a boarding-house keeper to whom he owes a lot of money.

Very soon after, he disappeared, leaving the Princess behind. He was said to be "in the country," but, shy as he was of revealing himself, a friend met him emerging from a well-known cinema in Charing Cross Road.

Yusuf has imposed on numerous people. His recent victims include a tailor living just outside London, who has parted with substantial sums through relying on this coloured schemer's endless promises.

Varied indeed are his tales.

Haile Selassie, he said, once put him at the head of a pumitive force. He was in the Emperor's "inner circle." Unfortunately, after the war, he fell into disfavour on a "question of policy."

So important, however, was his sway in Abyssinian royal circles that he alleges the late British Minister in Addis Ababa used his influence to get him dismissed from this exalted sphere.

Intrigue, he alleged, gradually resulted, until Dr. Martin,—the Ethiopian Minister in London, was instructed not to give Yusuf a visa. Thus he is a prince without a country.

Very interesting romance. But Dr. Martin denies all knowledge of Yusuf whatever. He absolutely disputes any association between Haile Selassie and the prince.

* * *

None the less, Yusuf told another coloured man that he owned large coffee estates in Abyssinia which he was afraid the Italians would confiscate. This is a matter I cannot check up, for good reasons, but judging from his other flights of fancy it is at least conjectural.

As a matter of fact, "Prince Yusuf" has antecedents in the direction of Grahamstown, Cape Province.

Some two years ago he was carrying on some kind of agitation among the natives, in which the raising of money played a leading part. In South Africa, where he introduced himself as the "Nawaub of Tigre," he was in trouble with the police.

* * *

Yusuf speaks English very well, and has had a varied career. He went to Japan on what he has described as a military mission for the Abyssinian Government.

His explanation is that he went there to purchase ammunition. If so, seeing how anxious the Japs are to trade anything, it is surprising that he was thrown into jail.

Deported from Japan, he sought refuge in the United States, where the Negro Press exposed his imprisonment in Japan.

A varied career admittedly. But that is no reason why he should be able to defraud people in this country under pretences which are proved to have no substance in fact.

Public Enemy

Herbert Wilcox, company director and "concession" financier. Not related to famous film producer. Already exposed in "John Bull" for ramps involving large sums. One victim has lost over £3,000, another £4,650. There are many others. Three times bankrupt—once for £26,258—Wilcox is most plausible and persistent. This is one of the very few photographs obtainable. Watch out for him! Don't give him credit in any circumstances.

Hospital Funds Plot

AFTER years of delay and despite frequent demands by John Bull, Lord Stonehaven has introduced his Bill to put an end to bogus charities.

But if the doom of the swindling charity exploiter is near, he is doing his best to squeeze all he can meanwhile. Thus collectors have for some weeks been shaking boxes under peoples' noses for a charity bearing the inscription "National Hospital League for the After-Care of Patients."

They have been active in London, Liverpool, Portsmouth, and elsewhere. The headquarters are given on the literature of the League as being at 12a, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

Worthy institution according to the leaflets. Many men, women and children, its literature states, are discharged from hospital before they are properly cured to make room for other patients.

* * *

Hence the necessity for the "National Hospital League for the After-Care of Patients," claiming powerful support in high quarters, its objects being to provide poor patients with proper attention after illness and during convalescence.

Its founder's intention was, they state, to make its scope universal. Branch offices were in full swing in the towns already mentioned and others. Every hospital was to benefit.

League would give donations to hospitals in proportion to the number of patients, size, scope, and so forth.

All sounded admirable. But in fact the pretentious branches were only accommodation addresses. The alleged headquarters at Charing Cross Road are sheer fiction. The League is only known there through enquiries. Its offices are purely imaginary.

Collectors have been acquired by advertisements in the press and they are offered a salary of £1 a week and 33 per cent. commission as a start. If good "pullers," commission is increased to 50 per cent. If not, they get the sack.

With 33 to 50 per cent. commission on takings plus a wage of £1 from sums collected, with no offices or other recognisable background, you will say it looks fishy.

Fishy it certainly is.

Behind the scenes of this ramp are a number of persons with criminal records, the most notorious being a man named John Francis Kingsley O'Connor.

O'Connor is 36 years of age. For 16 of these he has been noted in the official records of Scotland Yard as a most dangerous crook.

Native of Liverpool, he first fell into the hands of the police in 1924 when he was sentenced to 12 months for various thefts. In 1927 he was arrested again for robbing an elderly victim who, however, was too ill to prosecute.

He was sentenced nevertheless for certain outstanding offences committed elsewhere, including larceny at Liverpool, Blackpool, and other places.

On this occasion he was described by a police officer as "an associate of some of the most notorious cheque forgers in the country."

This rascal then took up a nauseous and vicious traffic as a means of livelihood. He became a liaison or agent in arranging "marriages" between alien women of loose morals who went through a form of marriage with worthless British subjects, in order to give them British nationality.

Such women paid heavily and parted with their "husbands" at the doors of the registry offices, and then resumed their unenviable occupation.

O'Connor came then into prominence some time after in the case of the mysterious death of an English nurse named Daniels, whose body was found lying in bushes near the Wimereux Road, not far from Boulogne.

He was a police informer in this case.

* * *

Later, he appeared in the dock of the Old Bailey accused of obtaining money from post offices by forged withdrawal forms in Savings Bank accounts. For this series of offences he was given three years' penal servitude.

A Scotland Yard officer then giving evidence told the judge who sentenced O'Connor that once, when he was arrested in France, correspondence was found on him showing he had been engaged in the White Slave traffic.

Such is the moving spirit in this hospital ramp

Besides O'Connor other active persons in the disgraceful fraud are also well known to the police.

Secretary Cruelly Duped

I RECENTLY condemned the activities of a trickster named Frank James White for selling worthless "diplomas" to literary aspirants.

White has duped many people through a variety of guises. His latest exploit was a bogus concern called the "Public Relations Council."

* * *

Notepaper issued by this concern claimed that a Royal Charter had been 'applied for.' It was used to extract money from applicants for imaginary jobs at good salaries, and bore the words, "Organising Secretary: E. M. Fleet."

Mr. White was too wily to give away his name. I said that, ostensibly, the firm was run by "E. M. Fleet." In doing so, I had no intention of linking that name with its promoter.

But I learn without surprise that E. M. Fleet is a lady who was entirely ignorant of White's hectic career. She registered the name under the Business Names Act in perfect good faith, and for an entirely different purpose than that for which it has since been used.

When she realised who Mr. White was, she severed all connection with him, and has had the name removed from the Business Names Register.

From the time Miss Fleet severed her connection with White he had no right to use her name or her notepaper for any purpose whatsoever.

White cares little about the good reputations of people whose names he so impudently misuses for his own ends, and I am pleased to give publicity to these facts in justice to Miss Fleet. It is quite clear that she is herself a victim of this man's fraud, and, naturally, I express my sincere regret for the distress that our reference to her name may have caused her.

* * *

Complaints are still reaching me about White, who is also known by the names of E. Hamilton Hargreaves, H. Hargreaves, and Julian Francis.

One lady advertised recently for literary work. She received a letter from Hargreaves, who said that he would pay her special fees for book reviewing. In due course she received, cash on delivery, a parcel for which she had to pay the postman 10s. 6d.

It was an out-of-date book extensively reviewed long ago!

Such mean trickery is only to be expected from a despicable swindler like White, who, by the way, has a bad prison record.

RELIABLE REMEDIES FOR MANY COMMON AILMENTS

"Take care of your health by letting me take care of you"—says Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

ORDER TO-DAY WHAT YOU NEED NOW!

Good Health
Now Within Reach of ALL!

ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL OFFER

Are you a 100 per cent. Man or Woman? Maybe you are. Nature makes 1 out of every 5 of that grade. But are you putting forth the whole of your store of energy and reaping its reward? or, only three-quarters? It is not a matter of Slacking or Ca'Canny! It's a question of HEALTH, NUTRITION, VIGOUR. Shadforth remedies will make you feel better and keep you well.

BE 100% FIT NOW WITH THE AID OF

SHADFORTH BRAND WORLD-FAMED PRESCRIPTIONS

For half a century, Shadforth Prescriptions have been famed as a safeguard of health. If you are unfit, "run-down" or suffering, one of the Shadforth Prescriptions may provide a cure for you.

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Containing 96 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of doctors' prescriptions written in plain English.

A book everyone ought to possess. These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return. "John Bull," Book No. A200, April 16, 1938.

BANISH LIVER TROUBLES
CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Booklet (J.B. 222). Price 2d. post free.

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HEALTHY FACE, LOVELY COMPLEXION

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as **Shadforth Prescription No. 443 (Skin Tonic Tablets).** They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

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The Shadforth Book on Skin and Complexion Troubles (No. J.B. 322). Price 2d. post free.

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NASAL Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Trigex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save one from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over. Prices: 2/6, 4/6 and 8/6.

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THIS is a scientific substitute for sunshine which doctors prescribe for anæmia, St. Vitus' Dance, weakness, malnutrition, rickets and threatened tuberculosis.

This prescription contains Vitamins (chlorophyll, yeast, bone marrow, etc.). The chlorophyll (termed "bottled sunshine") makes red blood corpuscles.

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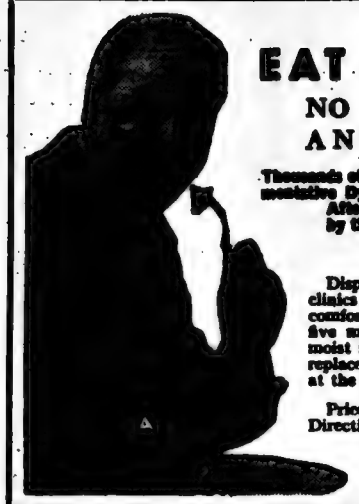
NEVERILL
OLD SALTS
(Prescription 888K)

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it first thing every morning. Tasteless with your Tea.

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices, post free in airtight canisters, 3d., 6d., and 1/-.



Does Feeding Give You Pain!

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE
NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING

Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness After Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

POPULARLY KNOWN AS "WHITE LIONS."

Dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians, they give prompt relief and comfort. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices: 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with Directions.

"White Lions" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG
Lower your Blood Pressure and Take a Load Off Your Heart.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible, for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 30 days. Get it now. **Prescription No. 1106T.** Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B. 342). Price 2d. post free.

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Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

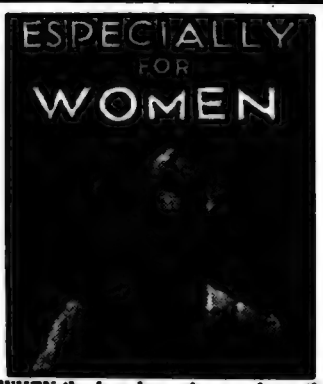
Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No.632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320). Price 2d. post free.

HÆMORRHOIDS
QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver, and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Pile Pills (No. 394).** Prices 6d. (12), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B. 325). Price 2d. post free.



WHEN the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets. They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS" TONIC TABLETS.

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Equally good for Men; and all for a few shillings. Ask for "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets **(Prescription 470).**

Prices: 1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Write for the Special Number of "Health News," dealing with Nerve Troubles (No. J.B. 325). Price 2d. post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1208).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema **(No. 782B).** Price 2/6.

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B. 272) free on request.

STOP KIDNEY TROUBLE
WHY THOSE DISTURBED NIGHTS!

It must not go on. Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. And during the day—whilst you are employed—this soothing work will proceed. Until you have tried **"Shadforters"** you may be enduring endless suffering and misery—mental as well as physical. **"Shadforters"** will help you. And there is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing **"Shadforters"**—for many years known as Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters. **Prescription No. 228**—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them to-night. Ask for **"Shadforters."** Prices 1/6 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

The Special Shadforth Booklet on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B. 224). Price 2d. post free.

RHEUMATISM
HEADACHE, SCIATICA, NEURITIS.

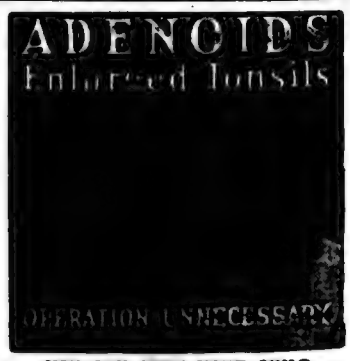
All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadforo" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 233).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices 6d. (20), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a **Neuritis Packet (No. 622A).** Prices 3/- (6) and 5/9 (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. J.B. 236). Price 2d. post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD
100 P.C. PURITY. 100 P.C. VITALITY.

HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1222).** Prices: 2/6, 4/6 and 13/-.



YOU CAN CURE YOUR CHILD

without the surgeon's knife or the loss of one drop of blood by means of the **"SHADFORTH" KNIFELESS TREATMENT FOR ADENOIDS AND ENLARGED TONSILS.** This most successful treatment has been drawn up by a distinguished doctor, and it can be carried out easily at home, and in any part of the world. It is claimed to be one of the most recent advances of medical treatment; it has saved hundreds of operations, and costs only 7/6, with full directions. Ask for the **"Shadforth" Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD).** Septic Tonsils and Nasal Obstructions in Adults are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Adenoids" (No. J.B. 223). Price 2d. post free.

All Shadforth Prescriptions are obtainable from your nearest chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., or privately packed and post free at these prices from:

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD

DISPENSING CHEMISTS,

(Dept. J.B. 126) 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3; 499, Barking Road, East Ham (Opp. Town Hall) 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17, and Branches

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier

Sea-Scout Scoundrel

A DASHING young man, auburn-haired and full of vanity, recently settled down in Bridport, Dorset.

He introduced himself as Avon Charles Allan-Sharpe.

Seeming to possess considerable means, he became immensely popular in the district.

Before long he was organising a troop of Sea-scouts.

Many leading inhabitants were impressed by him.

On Sundays he was seen proudly leading his troop through all the main streets to church parade. A loud brass band preceded him.

Avon Allan-Sharpe believed in doing things thoroughly. He was a most up-to-date young man.

Nearly a hundred smart uniforms were obtained on credit. He ordered a showy semi-naval uniform for himself and a complete brass band outfit.

Sea-scouts need sea-training, of course. They must be taught the arts of navigation.

Easily settled. Sharpe announced that he was bringing a yacht, to be anchored in West Bay, for the use of the lads.

It never arrived. Day after day enthusiastic young Sea-scouts dashed off to West Bay to see if the promised craft lay riding at anchor.

His popularity was not to be long-lived.

Rumours began to be whispered about. Allan-Sharpe was not all they thought him. Bills for uniforms and other things began pouring in.

His debts were left unsettled. He disappeared. No one knew what had become of him.

About this time I began to receive complaints respecting the activities of a man known as Owen B. Buckingham, who had established a concern at Canvey Island, Essex. It was called the "National Service Estates."

Buckingham advertised for bricklayers, carpenters and experienced housing estate workers. They must be married. Pay was 1s. 6d. an hour.

Each correspondent received a circular letter signed in a lordly way "Buckingham." It stated that the firm had over 800 acres of land available at Martinstown, Dorset, situated in a beautiful countryside near the sea.

Applicants would be able to acquire their own houses and pay for the deposit at 2s. a week out of wages.

Free transport and temporary accommodation were promised. The plan was to build hundreds of houses, a shopping centre and a factory, all to start shortly.

The stationery was impressive. The headquarters and "Works" were in Bridport, with sub-offices at Dorchester, Martinstown, Kingston-Russel, and Long Bredy.

The bankers were given as Barclays, at Dorchester, the solicitors as Messrs. Roper and Roper, of Bridport, and the chartered architect and surveyor as Mr. Frank H. Land, at Newton Abbot.

To participate in this scheme it was necessary to send £1 0s. 6d. in order to be registered.

"AVON CHARLES ALLAN-SHARPE," bogus captain—impudent leader of Sea-scout movement—robber of workless men

My investigators discovered that the Canvey Island "Branch" was a bungalow. At the outset I issued a brief warning in these pages, and did my best to stop readers from sending money.

Those who did so have lost every penny.

Nevertheless, a correspondent who had seen my warning divulged to me the fact that "Buckingham's" real name was "Eddy" or Edward Sharp, who also called himself "Captain Allan."

I found that "Buckingham" was, in reality, the missing Sea-scout founder from Bridport!

Information I obtained from this source led to the new schemes he had engineered in Essex being brought to a speedy end.

* * *

The Brentwood police were able to arrest him in connection with his Canvey Island "service." In the name of Buckingham he was charged with obtaining money under false pretences.

Above are seen some of the Sea-scouts at Church parade. On the extreme right front, is "Allan-Sharpe" alias "Buckingham," really "Eddy" Sharp

Last week he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

I am now able to publicly disclose his dual identity and to give some of his exploits in Dorset in the name of "Avon Charles Allan-Sharpe."

I naturally refrained from publishing them before in order to be scrupulously fair and not to hamper the police in their enquiries.

* * *

For his much more dangerous exploits in Bridport he has not yet been proceeded against.

There he had the impudence to negotiate for an estate costing over £8,000. At the time he was not worth a penny.

He was hoping to raise funds from victims to carry this deal through.

Cheques he issued were dishonoured.

He had no right whatever to use the names of well-known solicitors in Bridport or to print the name of a respected architect on his notepaper.

The police there, now it has been established that "Buckingham" is Sharpe, are pursuing fresh enquiries.

Allegations against him and his Sea-scout activities are not confined to money matters alone.

In short, he is a dangerous rogue, whose character has few redeeming features. I am pleased to have been able to assist in unravelling his dual identity.

Lorry Drivers' Peril

THE experience of Mr. E. W. Buckham, a lorry driver of Feltham, Middlesex, brings vividly to the forefront the victimisation of this class of hard-working men. Also it reveals the resultant peril to the public.

Over half a million drivers of lorries and commercial vehicles are working on the highways.

Buckham drove a lorry carrying loads of gravel. The handbrake was unreliable, foot-brake worked on only two wheels, gears jumped in all directions, there was no windscreen-wiper and no side lights.

Altogether a potential danger to the roads. Also it defied police regulations, for which the driver would be held responsible.

Despite several protests nothing was done to repair the lorry and the manager of the firm told him that unless he worked it he would see he got no dole.

He carried on for two or three days longer, but finally reported the matter to the Cobham (Surrey) police.

The lorry was tested, a constable took particulars and told him he would be reported for driving a lorry in a dangerous condition.

Twenty minutes later the decrepit condition of the lorry attracted the attention of a motor-cyclist patrol near Guildford. He found the brakes worthless.

Next day, despite his report, finding the lorry was still in the same dangerous condition, he refused to accept further responsibility and threw in his job.

* * *

Mr. Buckham's wages were based on the load. He told my investigator that to earn 7s. 6d. per day he had to average five loads a day. Working seven days a week at twelve hours, he could only earn £2 12s. 6d. per week.

They say also that if they refuse to take a lorry out because it is not fit for the road, they are likely to lose their pay—or perhaps their job.

JOHN BULL has received large numbers of complaints from lorry-drivers. It seems to be the general thing that for a driver to earn £2 10s. a week he must work from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. on a six-day week.

What about the Lorry Drivers' Bill the Government has promised?

A.R.P. Swindlers

PRECAUTIONS for air-raids have been seized on by get-rich-quick tricksters as a means of exploiting the public.

Recently in Manchester there has been a special publicity campaign in connection with air defence.

While public interest was at its height bogus collectors were calling from door to door in many districts including Ardwick, Droylsden and Moss Side.

They were collecting crowns and half-crowns from householders.

They spoke impressively of a Home Office scheme, and a course of instruction for householders.

Some of these callers pose as officials of the A.R.P. department at Manchester.

Housewives were interested when the caller glibly explained that special courses of instruction have been arranged for women in the afternoons.

Too many people have already parted with good money to these door-to-door tricksters, as a preliminary fee for instructions in air-raid precautions.

I have every reason for saying that these callers are without authority to give instruction or to receive fees.

The Chief Constable of Manchester will be pleased to hear from citizens who have been tricked in this shameful manner.

So far as air-raid precautions training under the control of the Chief Constable is concerned, instruction is absolutely free.

Possibly these tricksters will attempt to cash in on the air-raid precautions campaign in other towns. Hence this warning.

Women dupes of Bogus Pastor

POSING as a "Professor" and passing himself off as a clergyman has been the spare-time occupation of good-looking young Walter Birkett Miller.

He held spiritualist meetings at Rhyl, North Wales, but his other job, less romantic perhaps, was to collect premiums for an insurance company.

* * *

They fitted in together in a sense, because he had occasion to call at houses where he made the acquaintance of housewives or maids.

After business came pleasure. Miller invited them to attend his spiritualist meetings, and many accepted.

One Stockport girl, staying with relatives in Rhyl, was soon swept off her feet by the fascinating preacher.

As a result, he was invited to the home of the girl at Stockport, and welcomed as a potential bridegroom.

He borrowed money from his prospective mother-in-law to bury his "poor old father." It was later discovered that Miller's father was alive and hearty.

Other girls have good reason to regret that they fell under the spell of this Lothario in clerical attire.

He won their confidence in various ways. If they had dead relatives, he told them convincingly that the spirits of the dear departed were hovering by and keeping a watch over them.

* * *

Spiritualism, canvassing for insurances, lovemaking—all were grist to his mill. His conquests were numerous.

A few weeks ago he suddenly deserted his faithful followers.

He is obviously a most dangerous young "Reverend" adventurer.

"Rev." W. B. Miller

"To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of Peace . . ."

Luke I. 79.

The Hope of the World

by Kingsley Long

EASTER Week is here.

Nearly two thousand years ago the Prince of Peace died upon the cross for love of His fellow-men.

He had brought them a message of deliverance from their fears. He had preached the simple and majestic gospel of brotherhood and justice.

But to-day there are some who seem prepared to destroy humanity and not to save it, and to raise millions of new crosses as the sole monuments of their own ambition.

The greatest Teacher of all time walked of His own accord into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. No martial legions followed Him.

Now the Shadow darkens the world again, and we listen with strained nerves for the tramp of innumerable marching men, driven forward into that dread valley. At whose behest?

But the Shadow need not fall, and the fatal word of command need never be spoken.

I shall point no accusing finger at any man, nor use words to which any can fairly take exception.

But I do intend, the world situation being what it is, to set down plainly and calmly certain home truths, and if there be any particular war-monger who should think they form a cap to fit him, let him wear it an he will.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH we are living under the constant threat of war, the world and all its peoples long for peace.

Ordinary men and women in every country—aye, even in those lands where every other citizen wears a uniform or a badge, and the very children in the nurseries play with toy guns!—loathe war.

Nevertheless, some of their rulers make the housetops their platform to shout defiance and stir the embers of false patriotism into a flame of universal destruction.

Who are these men? What hold have they upon the minds of their fellow-countrymen, and by what right do they dare to put the fear of death into the hearts of the multitude which desires peace?

Any leader who can rise from the ranks to dominate a nation, as these men have done, must have in him many of the qualities of greatness.

"Supermen," in one sense at least of a much-misused word, they must be.

Millions of rankers fought in the last world war, but of all who survived, the merest handful still plays a leading part in world affairs.

Genius, the supreme magic of personality, lifted here one and there another out of the ranks and into the high command of European destiny.

★ ★ ★

SOME of these new leaders have boasted that they led "bloodless" revolutions.

They bided their time. They would not, then, at least, have counted their high, ambitious dreams worth the sacrifice of civil war.

They said: "Let me have majority support, for without that I may drive my countrymen into the maelstrom of fratricidal conflict. Better death and failure than such a tragedy."

So they bided their time until the dice of destiny had rolled in their favour.

Then, without a shot fired, they swept forward into office, having behind them all the wild, undisciplined dreams of youth, all the fervour of thwarted "patriotism."

They found no final solution to economic problems, but they set their workless comrades to work, making roads, reclaiming swamps, planting new forests, felling the unproductive timber and, where no alternative offered, drilling and marching and training for the final, desperate gamble of war.

Great are the changes they have wrought in the home life of their peoples.

Magnificent motor roads span regions that were wasted for lack of transport, and the chimney stacks are smoking where, ten years ago, all industry was dead.

What if all these roads lead to a frontier?

What if all industry is subservient to the grim industry of war? We must not belittle the magnitude of these achievements.

We have seen a new order built upon the ruins of old *régimes*. We have watched the martial birth of at least one State with little martial tradition.

We have seen the overthrow of a monstrous tyranny in a great land, now redisciplined, reorganised, reborn and still living—under a monstrous tyranny.

And we have watched, with consternation, the tremendous resurgence of a world Power, once beaten to its knees and now rising like a giant refreshed, full of life, full of vigour; full, alas, of "fight."

Power is a heady draught, even for "supermen."

All through history the patriots of one hour have stood in danger of becoming the tyrants of the next.

But amid this turmoil on the Continent our own people have stood aloof. We have looked on at changing Europe and have remained unchanged.

There is no "splendid isolation" possible to Britain in this day and age, and still our isolation has an inscrutable splendour of its own.

Abroad the dictators proclaim their right to criticise all and sundry. But they resent the least criticism of their own activities.

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THEIR tied and subservient newspapers are encouraged to mock all other nations, but our free Press is furiously abused when it dares to say plainly what is happening in Europe.

Assuming the right to criticise all their neighbours, they hotly resent any criticism of themselves.

Ready to interfere in everybody's business, they declare arrogantly that they will brook no meddling in their own.

Talking in riddles, hurling uncertain threats into the void, they, presumably, expect the world to understand them. But they, themselves, are baffled by the simplicity of all people who can listen without shouting retorts.

Least of all do these dictators understand us. Nobody ever has.

Perhaps we do not quite understand ourselves. We tolerate many insults with calm, and we listen to threats with amused indifference.

Indeed, we are a peaceful folk, slow to anger, and very willing to be friendly.

But it has never been safe to presume upon this good nature and this seeming indolence, as those who study history must realise.

We have no wish to threaten, but we have already warned the world that action will be met with action; force with greater force.

Our arming is for peace, but there will be no final peace until democracy has regained its serenity, and its free peoples have been freed from the threat of interference.

But why should any dictator *wish* to interfere with us or our friends? We have looked on, greatly tolerant, at systems of government which seem cruelly oppressive to minorities.

Persecution, tyranny have been used to suppress that individual liberty which we hold precious.

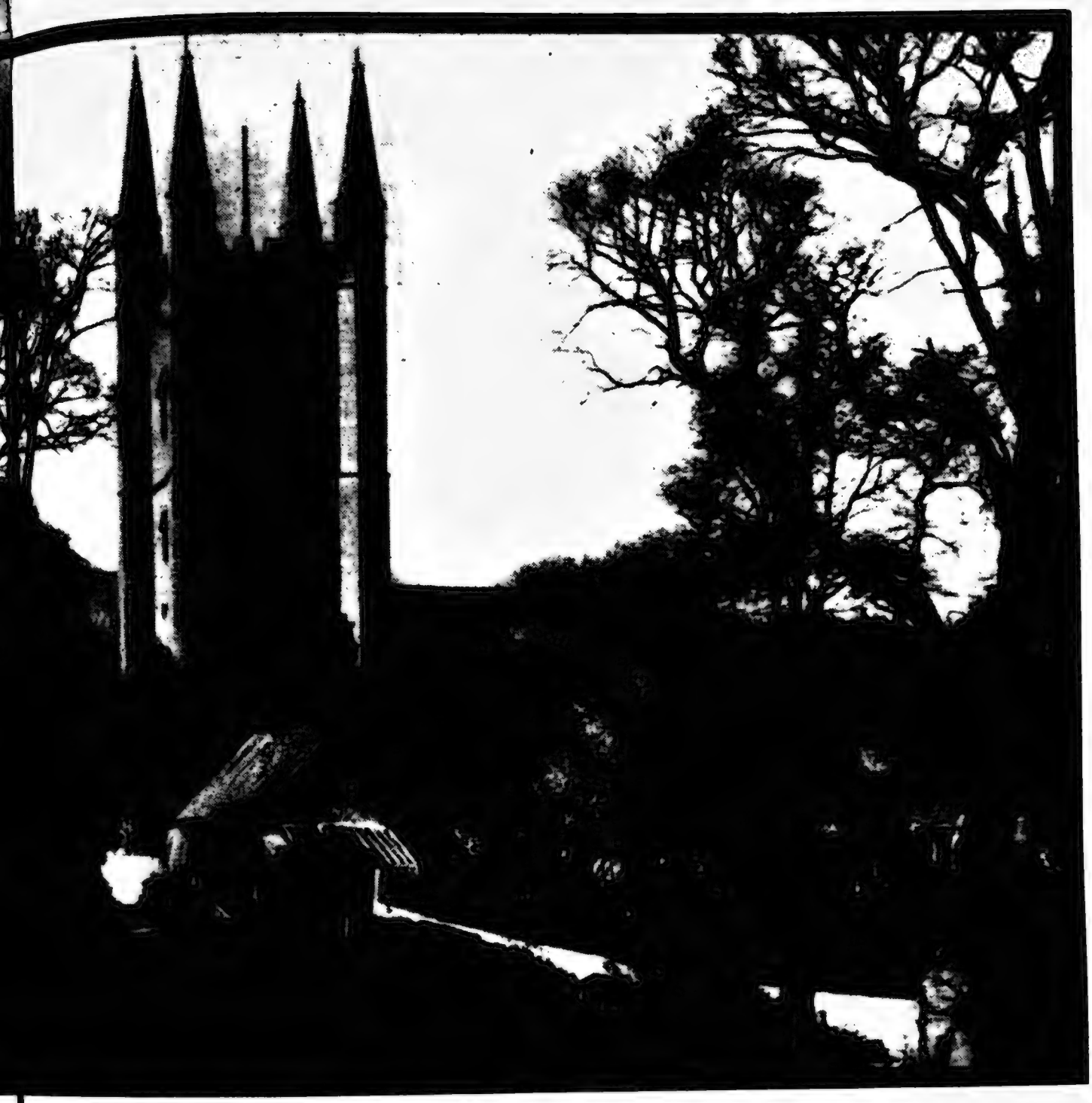
But we do not think it our duty to interfere in any neighbour's management of his own home.

Who, then, is threatening these "supermen"? What are they afraid of?

Again and again they tell us they are raising forests of bayonets and building fleets of aeroplanes capable of overwhelming any attack. But who wants to attack them?

The world is sick of guessing

The ancient, su
any other c



CHANGELESS IN A CHANGING WORLD—

cient, sweet serenity of our beautiful countryside. "Why should men of this or other country fight and die to preserve what should never stand in danger?"

riddles. Innuendo continually leads people to misunderstandings and false conclusions.

Nothing would relieve tension more than plain speaking. Let the world leaders tell us what they want and what they fear.

★ ★ ★

WE cannot go on like this indefinitely. No people on earth wants war, and yet all of us are spending untold millions in preparation for it, squandering all the wealth, that might bring happiness, upon explosives that would blow civilisation to pieces and leave nothing but ruin behind.

"All God's chillun want shoes," and they could all have them—shoes to wear, good food to eat, better houses to live in, better wages, happier lives—at far less cost than these insensate armaments.

Do the supermen ever think of that? They call continually upon their fellow-countrymen to be prepared for fresh sacrifices, but is the sacrifice to go on for over? Is it always to be vain?

Undoubtedly, there was a passionate love of country in these men's hearts when they led their followers to power, but do they love now only to destroy?

And do they think, perchance, that we, who are not so fond of uniforms, love our country any less passionately than they do?

Americans, when they travel from the coast to London for the first time, marvel at our English landscape, the restful, lovely green of the trim fields, the orderly hedgerows, the orchards in blossom, the gentle hills and valleys, the ancient, sweet serenity of it all.

Some of us can remember how our own hearts lifted with gladness when we came back, more than twenty years ago, from the desolation of No Man's Land to that same peace and calm and restful loveliness.

We fought for it then, and we would die for it still if the terrible need arose.

Yet why *should* men of this or any other country fight and die to preserve what need never stand in danger?

Why *should* mothers strain doomed boys to their hearts; wives and sweethearts stare blindly through their tears at the receding troop trains; old people tremble at the distant sound of guns, and the grim skies be darkened by the wings of death?

Would to God that "patriotism" might bear a truer meaning in the minds of the men of destiny who hold the fate of millions in the hollow of their hands.

Robert Ingersoll, "lover of humanity" and one of America's great prose writers, wrote these words after he had stood for a while in the Invalides in Paris, where lies the body of a great dictator:—

"A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and priceless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man . . . .

"I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who had ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition.

★ ★ ★

"AND I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun.

"I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as 'Napoleon the Great.'"

If there be any one man to-day eager to play the rôle of a new Napoleon; prepared to sacrifice millions of lives to a dream of glory; let him not hope for so much as a splendid mausoleum to commemorate his infamy.

For, even though he led his armies to seeming victory, his triumph would be short-lived, and in the end, when the medals for the living had been outnumbered by the crosses for the dead, and when the accolade of a marshal's embrace counted for no more than a Judas kiss, he, too, would perish amid the unforgiving scorn of all mankind

If, as we still dare to hope, Europe's new men of destiny are aiming ultimately not at conquest, but at security, proud independence and the true welfare of their people, then—while there is yet time—let them speak out and speak plainly.

★ ★ ★

FOR we are ready to listen, and ready, within honourable limits, to meet their wishes and to share a world security based upon simple justice.

It may be difficult for dictators to achieve this simplicity.

We have been tolerant beyond our wont partly because we realise that so many of their wildest boasts and most irritating threats are intended chiefly for home consumption.

They are, as it were, constrained by circumstances to blow their own trumpets. If the fanfares ceased, their own followers would be almost stunned by the sudden silence.

We ask, indeed, less for a change of method than a change of manner. We ask them to cease their provocations even though they be empty ones; and we warn them again not to misread patience for poltroonery.

"Gentlemen's Agreements" there have been in the past, and we are on the verge of concluding yet another. But, if any good is to come of them, they must be kept by gentlemen on both sides.

"It may be," said Lord Halifax recently, "that we are often slow to respond to a changing situation, but it will be a great mistake to imagine that, underneath all, the leaven is not very steadily at work.

★ ★ ★

"THERE is nothing weak in a spirit of toleration or in a desire to avoid war by exhausting every means that diplomacy has to offer.

"But there is something more than sweet reasonableness in the English character, something a good deal tougher and more robust—something which others will always have to reckon with if our reasonableness is abused or misunderstood."

This is Easter Week and men still walk in the Valley of the Shadow.

It is within the power of a few men only to lift that shadow from the world.

Let them reflect. Let them ask themselves, remembering the last war and knowing that even victory is barren, what they can hope to gain by conflict which cannot be gained more surely and more happily by an honest bargain.

A million graves can bring no glory, and in the final judgment men will not show their medals, but their scars—not the scars of war, but the scars of service for their fellow men.

Our house has 19 windows

and 27 clean, bright curtains. We washed them ourselves during Spring Cleaning. Hard work? Not a bit of it—we put Scrubb's Ammonia in the water, and the dirt came out like magic, without any hard rubbing. We did the same with rugs, carpets and chair covers; they look like new again. It is so easy with Scrubb's.

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★ **Great Story Sequel to "The Unguarded Hour"** ★

MAGNOLIA TREE

By Bernard Merivale

Who began his career in London as a solicitor. He was twenty-four when he had his first play accepted, and since then has written many successes

SIR FRANCIS DEARDEN walked down the steps into Fountain Court. Then he noticed the magnolia tree. This year it was going to bloom.

Soon its white, waxy flowers would nod a greeting as he passed each day on his way to the Old Bailey.

Near by, a gardener was rolling the turf. Dearden stopped.

"What's happened to the magnolia tree? Have you been feeding it with some special manure?" he asked.

The gardener paused. "You can't never tell with that there tree, Sir Francis," he said. "It's like a woman. If she will, she will, and if she won't, she won't."

"When did it blossom last?"

"Five years ago—the year there was the fire in the Cloisters. When the smoke turned all the white blooms a dirty grey."

"Yes, I remember," said Dearden, and with a nod went on his way.

Five years ago. That was the year of the Eddie Fellner prosecution.

Fellner was the master mind and ringleader of a gang of confidence men who had given trouble to the authorities here and on the Continent.

★ ★ ★

But Dearden had proved his undoing. Twice the jury disagreed, but on the third trial a masterly speech by Dearden had got Fellner seven years' penal servitude.

That was five years ago. Fellner had still two years to serve.

Dearden was not easily scared, but no one who had been in court that day could have forgotten Fellner's snarling face and the threats he shouted as he was hustled from the dock.

Time enough to think of them—two years from now; for reports of the convict's behaviour in jail had been bad and he had lost his remission.

As Dearden walked through St. James's Park to his home in Queen Anne's Gate he remembered Bill Mason's curious theory of the Unguarded Hour.

Suppose he struck such an unlucky hour the day Fellner came out——?

Szszszszzup! Dearden jumped. For a frantic second he pictured Fellner behind him, wielding a sub-machine-gun.

"Sorry, guv'nor! Gave you a start, did I?" asked a friendly voice in his ear. "Silencer jammed; that's wot it is."

"But this road was all up a few weeks ago," he complained.

"Yus, but that was sewers, that was. This 'ere job we're on is different."

"Well, what's it this time, gas, water, electricity?"

★ ★ ★

The workman gave Dearden a contemplative once-over.

"You're Sir Francis Dearden, sir, aren't you?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"I seen your picture in the papers."

"Yes, I daresay."

"I expect it don't matter my telling you, sir, but our orders is not to talk."

"Well, what about it?"

"They're building a big underground strong room in the Park with passages from the Government Offices in Whitehall.

"Big as a Tube station it'll be when it's finished. Then if they start 'aving them air-raids . . ."

"What a world we live in!" Dearden sighed as he crossed the road, mounting the steps of his house and slipping the key into the lock.

"Yvonne! Yvonne!"

No answer. That was strange.

His wife, after six years of married life, was expecting a happy event. She spent her afternoons now resting or sewing with her maid, the faithful Hortense, whom she had brought with her from Paris.

Dearden flung his hat on the hall table and ran up the stairs.

"Yvonne!" He flung open the door of her room. No one there.

He looked into the bedroom. No one, and yet—the bed was disarranged, the silken coverlet pulled back and the pillow crumpled.

She'd been having her rest as the doctor had ordered. He rang the bell. He rang three times. But there was no answer.

Gradually he began to sense from the strange, silent atmosphere that the house was empty.

He made a rapid tour from attics to basement.

Even the Siamese cat, the dogs, and the love-birds in their cage were gone.

In the kitchen there were all the preparations for the evening meal, dishes upon the stove, a pudding basin into which the cook had broken some eggs.

Yet there was no letter of explanation, nothing except the evidence of flight in panic.

A bell shrilled.

Dearden started.

He raced down to the front door and flung it open.

"Bill Mason!"

"Frank! What's the matter? You look as white as a sheet."

"Come in, for God's sake! You may be just in time to save me from going mad!"

Colonel William Mason, late chief of Scotland Yard, and Dearden's oldest friend, took him firmly by the arm.

"Now then, spill it," said Mason.

Dearden told him how he had come home and found the house empty.

"What the hell can you make of that?" he asked.

Mason lit a cigarette and put the dead match back in the box; a trick he had when he was thinking hard.

"It just doesn't make sense," he said at last.

"Yes, but we must *do* something. There's Yvonne. You know how things are?"

Mason picked up his hat. "I'm going straight across to the Yard," he said.

"You stay here and stand by. I'll be back with a police car and a couple of good men in a few minutes.

"Watch for the patrol man from this window. He should be due to pass any minute now. When he does, call him in and both of you wait here for me. O.K.?"

Dearden shrugged. "Anything you say goes. I've strayed into a nightmare, and I don't care how you wake me up, but do it quick. I'm so worried about Yvonne."

Mason patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't worry! I'm taking charge of this. You've just got to hold the fort—that's all. All right. I'll see myself out."

The front door slammed and Dearden was alone again; alone in the empty house.

He finished his drink and put down his glass. Automatically he pressed the bell to summon a servant to take away the tray. He hated dirty glasses about the place.

Then he remembered. Of course no one would come. There *was* no one.

But surely that was the soft thud of the green baize door at the end of the passage? It led to the servants' quarters and whenever one rang the bell that sound always followed a moment or so after.

There was someone else in the house. Who could it be? That slow, shuffling step—it didn't belong to any of his servants.

★ ★ ★

There, framed in the doorway, holding a vicious-looking automatic, was Eddie Fellner.

Suddenly Dearden was himself again; more than himself.

It was as if the sudden appearance of his old adversary had turned his brain to ice and his nerves to steel.

"Fellner! You're out!"

"Yes, I'm out," replied the other. "Well, aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

And Fellner shuffled a little further into the room.

Still the same brutish face, thought Dearden, but older, much older, frailer, and something had happened to his eyes.

Coldly malevolent they had always been. Now they were ablaze with triumph. The triumph of a madman who, after years of frustration, sees a chance, at last, to take his revenge.

"Of course! Sit down," said Dearden, and he hardly recognised his own voice. "I daresay we've got a lot to talk about, you and I."

Fellner sank into a corner of the settee and put the pistol carefully upon the arm.

"There's one question I would like to ask," said Dearden. "How did you get everyone to clear out of this house as if it had been struck by the plague? It was you, of course."

"That puzzles you, does it?" said Fellner, laughing sardonically.

"It certainly does," replied Dearden. "But wait a minute. I've just got an idea. This is an occasion."

"It's what I've been counting the hours for all these years."

"Exactly. I've some wine here in the cupboard that was laid down when you started your term. It's rather peculiar stuff. Hungarian.

"You've got to drink it when it's matured, or not at all. It should be just right. May I get it?"

Fellner pondered a moment.

"No funny business?"

"On my word of honour, no funny business."

"Very well, carry on, but don't forget I've got this."

And Fellner picked up the pistol and

Next Week:

Marten Cumberland writes a thrilling mystery story

● *Dearden's face had gone suddenly white. He fell back on the settee. His glass fell from his hand and its contents spilled on the floor*

covered Dearden as the latter went across to a tall Queen Anne cupboard that stood between the windows.

There was the sound of a cork being drawn.

When Dearden turned he had a bottle in one hand and a couple of glasses in the other. He put the glasses on the table by the settee and filled each to the brim.

"Now," said Dearden, let's hear about your latest confidence trick. How did you get my wife and servants to walk out without a word?"

"You'll find the answer there," said Fellner, pointing to the window.

"What?" Not many people had succeeded in catching Dearden out, but this time he felt completely baffled.

"Not like you to be so slow," said Fellner. "Perhaps your brain doesn't work out of business hours. Well, I'll tell you."

"I'd be greatly obliged." Dearden tried to conceal his impatience.

"The Government strong-rooms they're building under here—no one knows exactly where they go. I don't suppose you know, do you?"

"No, I don't! Get on, man!"

"Two hours ago I rang up your wife. I told her it was you speaking.

"All right! I'll explain that in a minute.

★ ★ ★

"I told her I'd just had word from the Office of Works that the engineers here had made a frightful blunder. There'd been a mistake in the plans. They'd undercut the foundations of your house, and the whole building might collapse at any moment.

"She was to leave at once and go to your country place at Sunningdale——."

"And she believed you?"

"She had to. You see, she thought it was you speaking, and you sounded scared stiff."

"Now you're talking nonsense."

"I'm not! Do you realise how many hours I spent during my three trials listening to that infernal nagging voice of yours?

"Did you think I'd ever forget it?"

Fellner recharged his glass and drank it off at a gulp.

"Night after night I'd hear it going on in my brain," he continued. "Then I started doing imitations of you to amuse the others. I've a gift for impersonation.

"So, when I spoke to your wife, it rang the bell all right. I reckon she was out of here within ten minutes of my calling her up."

★ ★ ★

"Pretty good," said Dearden, "but just what was the idea?"

"I'll tell you. Those fellows outside with the automatic drill, they've knocked off for tea."

"Yes, thank God," said Dearden. "When they start again we shan't be able to hear ourselves speak."

"No, nor will anyone hear me pump five shots into your body!" And Fellner picked up his automatic again.

"I imagine not, but why five shots, my dear fellow?"

"One for every year I've been in hell!" Fellner's voice rose almost to a scream.

"Oh, you mean Parkhurst. But just a moment. You got seven years, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, you got me seven all right," snarled Fellner, "but I got two years special remission for saving the life of one of the warders when some of the boys had got him down."

"Then it's only five years ago since—since——." And Dearden's words tailed off into a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, five years. But what's the odds, what's the matter?"

Dearden's face had gone suddenly white. His glass fell from his hand, and its contents made a red pool on the carpet.

"What the hell?" There was a note of fear in Fellner's voice.

"I've made the most ghastly mistake. That wine. I told you it was peculiar stuff. You have to let it mature for seven years.

"If you drink it before the time's up it's poison, deadly poison!" Fellner stared at Dearden as if he were hypnotised.

"I've seen a man who drank this stuff before the fermentation was complete—made a mistake same as we've done.

"That was at Bolislav on the Croatian border. Do you know what happens if you take an overdose of arsenic?

"The body stiffens into an arc. Every muscle becomes strained to breaking point. Well, this is worse."

Fellner jumped to his feet, his finger twitching on the trigger of his automatic.

"You're kidding!"

"My God, I'm not. It was all through that damned magnolia tree.

"Outside my chambers in the Temple. Usually it blooms once every seven years. Last time was the year you went to prison.

"After the trial I went on a holiday to Hungary—that's where I got the wine."

Dearden's voice was becoming harsh and thick.

Fellner stared at him, fascinated.

"This morning I saw the tree was going to bloom again," Dearden gasped. "Seven years gone by. And then you ——. Don't you see? It was so easy to make this ghastly mistake."

And Dearden fell back on the settee, his face twisted with pain, his limbs writhing.

★ ★ ★

"It'll hit you, too, in a minute," he whispered. "You've got—first signs—your eyes—pupils all contracted.

"Look in the glass."

With an oath, Fellner whipped round, and, his back to Dearden, stared anxiously at himself in the long Venetian mirror.

Dearden sprang. In a second his left arm was round Fellner's throat, his knee in the other's back.

The two men strained and swayed. Dearden knew he was up against a killer.

Fellner still held the automatic in his right hand. One slip would give him the chance to use it.

Then Dearden heard car brakes screaming, the sound of Mason's voice, and the room filled with uniformed men.

Later that night Sir Francis and Lady Dearden entertained Colonel William Mason, late of Scotland Yard, to dinner at their country house at Sunningdale.

They had reached the port and dessert stage.

Said Mason: "That tale you pitched him about the wine. How on earth could he have believed anything so utterly impossible?"

Dearden smiled.

★ ★ ★

"I'll tell you," he said.

"After spending the greater part of my life addressing juries, I can assure you there is practically no statement, however far-fetched or even ridiculous, which you cannot make a person believe *for the first few moments*, provided you make that statement with utter and complete conviction.

"It's what psychologists call 'suggestion.'

"I made the 'suggestion' to Fellner that he was poisoned, and for a second or two he believed it. That put him off his guard, and gave me my chance."

"It's my turn," said Yvonne. "Tell me about the magnolia tree. It's the first I've heard they blossom once in seven years. I'm sure they come out every spring."

"Ah, this is a very peculiar magnolia tree. It's like a woman, so our old gardener says.

"It blossoms as and when it will."

And Dearden put his arm round his wife's slim shoulders.

Gw. 4218.

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Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day, to make your skin fresh and clear — to dissolve away blackheads and blemishes. Make yourself look ten years younger—and stay young! End those sagging facial muscles. Get rid of that sallow complexion. Get back the clear firm cheeks and soft rounded beauty of your girlhood days. You will be delighted with the almost magical effects of Tokalon's two Skinfood Creams. If not, your money gladly refunded.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

Oh! those Relations!

THIS week's problems are provided by relations. One wife writes:—

My husband's fifteen-year-old sister got in a scrape with the police. On condition he became her guardian, the magistrate bound her over.

She has been living with us now for three months and has proved herself lazy, selfish and disagreeable.

I have not told my husband because I know he would be upset. But she must be brought to her senses, for both her own and my happiness are at stake.

Best cure for this girl's tantrums is a job. It would provide her with the discipline she needs. She could not treat an employer as she does her sister-in-law.

I also advise my correspondent to talk frankly with her husband. He may be able to exercise greater authority than she can.

For he can warn his sister that unless she behaves he will relinquish his guardianship, and that would mean her appearing before the magistrates again.

Only a firm line will succeed with this girl.

* * *

My next problem is also from a husband, and I am not surprised it has caused him and his wife "great anxiety and worry."

He tells me:—

My sister, who is forty, has been a cripple since the age of two. She has to be cared for like a baby.

My parents are getting old, and they have asked me to promise that if anything happens to them I will take my sister into my own home.

I love my parents, but feel I ought not to ask my wife to shoulder such a burden. Would I be doing wrong if, for the sake of my parents' peace of mind, I gave them the promise, knowing that, when the time came, I should have to place my sister in an institution?

This man talks of his parents' peace of mind.

If he makes this promise he will mortgage his own.

So many things could happen. He might lose his job, or find himself in financial difficulties which would prevent him keeping his sister.

Or his wife's health might not stand the strain of caring for an invalid.

I think he should say to his parents: "When the time comes, rest assured I shall do the best I can for my sister. But since I cannot know what my position will be, I cannot make the promise you ask."

* * *

Brother-in-law is baffling this husband. He says:—

My brother-in-law is a rake, and, although he is engaged, he continues his philandering.

His fiancée, of course, does not know, and believes him to be as honourable as she is.

After the wedding they are to live with my wife and me until they are in a position to make a home of their own.

We fear that he will not allow marriage to interfere with his flirtations, for although we have urged him he seems unwilling or unable to change.

Should we tell his bride-to-be or should we remain silent? We admire her and would not like to see her life ruined.

"Mind your own business" is a sound maxim—but not in this case. My correspondent and his wife are vitally concerned

Apart from protecting a girl whom they respect, they have agreed to share their home with the couple—never an easy arrangement. It would be disastrous if the brother-in-law persisted in his intrigues

My correspondent should cancel this agreement with his brother-in-law at once. That would, I hope, bring him to his senses.

Also, it might cause the marriage to be postponed.

The brother-in-law must make up his mind whether he is going to play the game by his fiancée or not.

If not, she is well rid of him.

* * *

"My husband or my mother?"—that is the riddle puzzling this young wife, who writes:—

Although my husband has not had regular work, we have been very happy during our four years of marriage.

Some time ago he was offered a job some distance away from here, but my mother objected to our leaving the neighbourhood, and we agreed to stay.

Last October he got work fifteen miles away, and though his railway fare costs him seven shillings a week, he has been coming home every night.

Now he has the offer of a house near his work, but mother again objects. She says that she will never come to see us, and if anything goes wrong at home she would not let me know.

I have brothers and sisters living with her, and I cannot understand her attitude.

My correspondent should have a frank talk with her mother, whose attitude seems both selfish and foolish.

She should point out that it is the duty of every wife to stand by her husband.

The mother ought to be thankful that her daughter's husband is now in steady work and that their married life is so happy.

I hope she will see reason and have the sense to withdraw her stupid threats.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Raiders and the Ring

POLICE records show that well-kept houses—the homes of people who are obviously house-proud — most often attract the attention of burglars.

Due to the loving care bestowed upon them, they bear the stamp: "Here you will find something worth stealing."

There is one such house in a village in mid-Kent. A newly-married couple live there. The general air of their home is meant to be inviting.

But not to such visitors as one who has just struck tragedy into their lives. . . .

His approach was *via* the flower-beds. His mode of entrance was to smash a window, insert a stealthy hand and raise a latch

Cat-like he walked from room to room. Wedding presents displayed in all their newness were swept into his pockets. Every article of jewellery belonging to the young wife and husband was seized.

Meanest thing of all—he ferreted out a diamond ring that could only have been an engagement ring, and pocketed that, too.

The loss was an immense blow to the young couple, for saving is no easy matter in the first few years of homemaking.

But JOHN BULL paid for their losses with a cheque sent without fuss or formality.

We paid because that couple had earned the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme by the simple act of signing a coupon.

And we have had a letter from them since, describing the work of replacing the lost treasures, and containing just the one unhappy note that the ring which replaces the lost engagement ring can never be quite the same.

But, anyhow, the coupon is reproduced on page 31. The same protection awaits you. Why not turn to page 31 and sign it now?

it's a Good Saturday habit!

Going out on Saturday night? Then serve a quick, cold meal —with Pan Yan to brighten it up. What that spicy appetiser does to cold meat! No left overs from cold dinners when you have Pan Yan too. Everyone's asking for more, everyone's wearing a smile. Good temper starts in the stomach—and Pan Yan, specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs, is the thing to bring good temper into your home!

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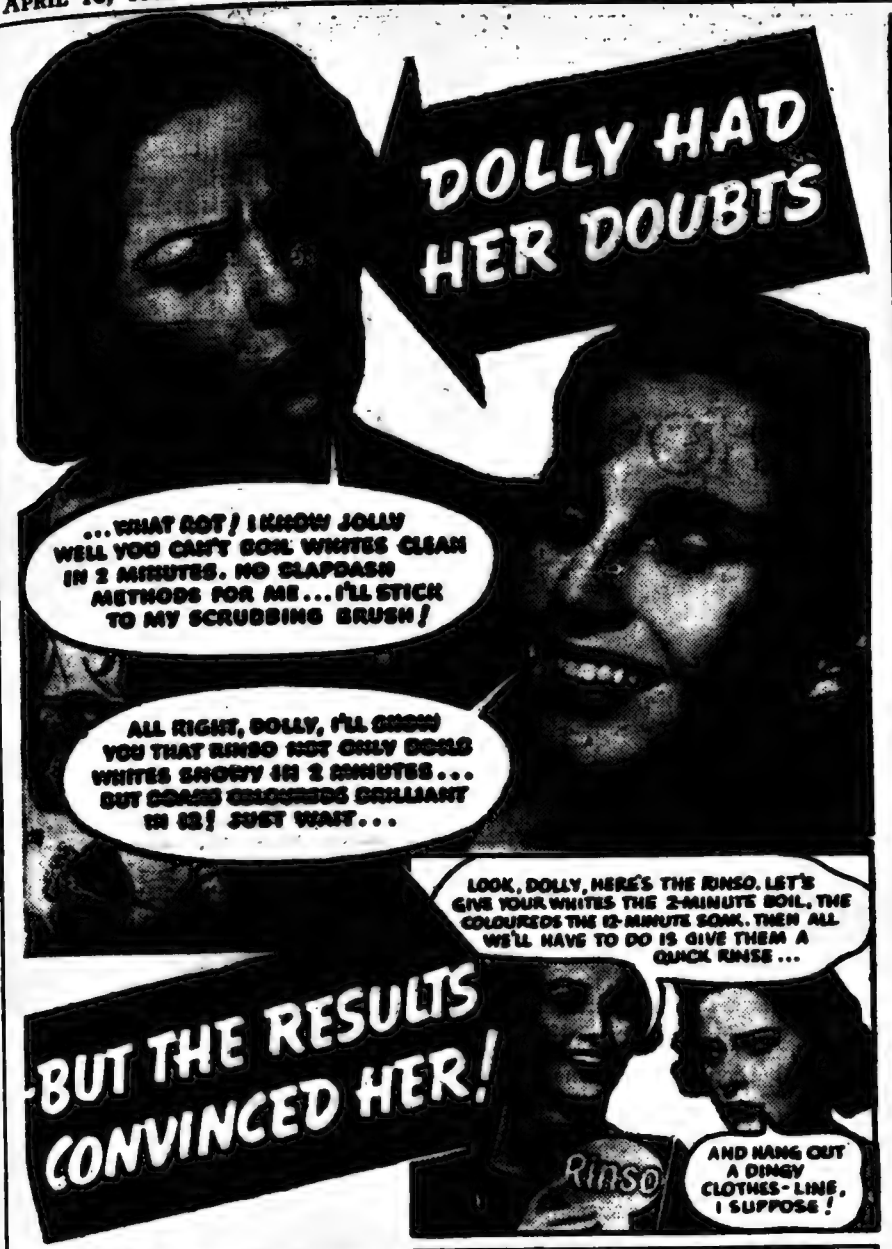
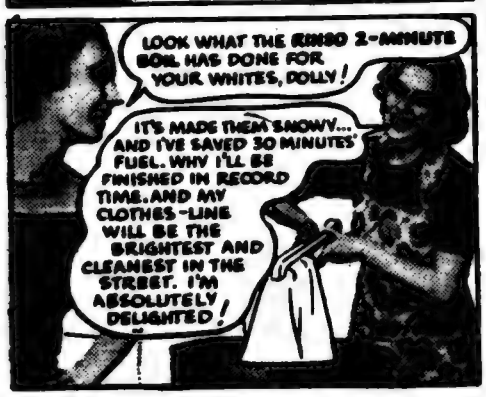

DOLLY HAD HER DOUBTS
...WHAT ROT! I KNOW JOLLY WELL YOU CAN'T BOIL WHITES CLEAN IN 2 MINUTES. NO SLAPDASH METHODS FOR ME...I'LL STICK TO MY SCRUBBING BRUSH!
ALL RIGHT, DOLLY, I'LL SHOW YOU THAT RINSO NOT ONLY BOILS WHITES SNOWY IN 2 MINUTES... BUT COAXES COLOUREDS BRILLIANT IN 12! JUST WAIT...
LOOK, DOLLY, HERE'S THE RINSO. LET'S GIVE YOUR WHITES THE 2-MINUTE BOIL, THE COLOUREDS THE 12-MINUTE SOAK. THEN ALL WE'LL HAVE TO DO IS GIVE THEM A QUICK RINSE...
BUT THE RESULTS CONVINCED HER!
Rinso
AND HANG OUT A DINGY CLOTHES-LINE, I SUPPOSE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER
WELL, DOLLY, HOW ABOUT THAT DINGY CLOTHES-LINE?
MY GOODNESS! THESE COLOURED FROCKS ARE ABSOLUTELY DAZZLING...BRIGHT AS NEW! I WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY HARD RUBBING ...YOU WERE QUITE RIGHT!


LOOK WHAT THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL HAS DONE FOR YOUR WHITES, DOLLY!
IT'S MADE THEM SNOWY... AND I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL. WHY I'LL BE FINISHED IN RECORD TIME. AND MY CLOTHES-LINE WILL BE THE BRIGHTEST AND CLEANEST IN THE STREET. I'M ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED!

Women absolutely delighted at ease and speed of new Rinso 2-minute boil for whites —12-minute soak for coloureds

"I'M ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED!"

That's what women say the very first time they try out the wonderful new Rinso methods for washing clothes.

And no wonder! For until the recent discovery of the quick Rinso methods, they had always boiled whites 20 or 30 minutes, and soaked the other clothes for hours, often even overnight, and rubbed until their arms ached!

The 2-Minute Boil

But as soon as they see how swiftly, how thoroughly the Rinso 2-minute boil works, they decide never to waste time and fuel on long boiling again! Instead, they put the white things straight into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. They don't soak or rub them beforehand... instead, they simply dampen any extra-dirty places, sprinkle on a little Rinso and smooth it in. Then they bring the clothes to the boil, as usual. But then, instead of boiling them for about half-an-hour, they boil them for 2 *minutes!* After those 2 minutes there's no hard rubbing at all to be done. The clothes are snowy white!

They see how perfectly the Rinso 12-minute soak works, too. They put the coloured things straight into hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 *minutes*. After that the clothes are so beautifully clean they don't need any hard rubbing!

And because Rinso is absolutely safe, it's ideal for your finest silks and woollens. Give these things a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. They'll come up fresh and bright as new!

Follow the lead of hundreds of thousands of women throughout the country. Insist on easy, economical washdays. Insist on brilliant clothes-lines. Rinso will give you all these things... yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

2 MINUTES' BOILING OR 12 MINUTES' SOAKING IS ALL YOU NEED WITH **RINSO**

B2562-38-G5 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

As *dustfree* as the day is long *thats the house with one of* The DUDLEY-ELECTRIC 3

The dustfree home can be yours right away—the 'Dudley-Electric' way

These splendid Vacuum Cleaners give a positive answer to every query you can put to a Vacuum Cleaner.

Prices: Moderate to suit all pockets — from £6 . 19 . 6 to 10 guineas.

Reliability: Backed by guarantee.

Maker's Name: The Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.

What other machines offer such safeguards?

The brochure you can get with the coupon below explains these sturdy cleaners in detail. It's free and post free.

● **"POPULAR" Model** (illustrated). Has motor driven revolving brush, body of cast aluminium £8.8.0. Accessories extra £2.2.0.

● **"SUPER" (Horizontal) Model.** Rubber cushioned motor, shockproof, vibrationless with dusting tools complete in limed oak cabinet £10.10.0.

● **"JUNIOR" (Horizontal) Model.** A sturdy machine with set of dusting tools and accessories; complete in handsome wood case £6.19.6.

To: C.W.S., Dept. E4, National Works, Dudley, Worcs. Please send me FREE Brochure of the Dudley-Electric 3.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

For health first take care of your body *inside*. Andrews Liver Salt does this most thoroughly, for Andrews gives you deep down Inner Cleanliness. Immediately you drink a sparkling glass of Andrews you can feel it doing you good, cleaning the mouth and tongue. As it enters the stomach it cleans the walls, combats acidity and improves digestion. But *the* important inner cleansing effect of Andrews is in the bowels. Without any discomfort it gives a complete clearance, sweeps away impurities, tones up liver and kidneys, and cools the blood. *This* is the Inner Cleanliness that only Andrews gives and which you need so much at this time of the year. 9d. and 1/4d.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

THE REFRESHING TONIC LAXATIVE

Buy a tin for yourself

11f

Margot, my wife. Expert photographer, crack shot and born globe-trotter

Follow the honeymooners by map on left. Routes 1 and 2 (Berlin, Abyssinia, Siberia) are described in this article. Routes 3, 4, 5 (America, Africa, Spain) will be covered in later adventures.

HONEYMOON ADVENTURERS

By Kurt Lubinsky

writer, lecturer, and film producer. He began his career in Berlin; now lives in London

HALF-WAY across the world for a honeymoon!

Love has certainly been a great adventure for Margot and me.

We've scorched on the plains of Abyssinia, frozen in the wastes of Siberia, car trekked across America, been mixed up with a murder in Spain.

Yet we are honeymooning still—and we mean to go on honeymooning.

Our romance began in Berlin. I advertised for a secretary, and Margot was the one I chose from the scores who applied.

Well, we worked together, fell in love and became engaged.

Then I had to go to Iceland, and we decided it would be the last journey I would make alone.

Next time Margot would go with me—as my wife.

Soon after returning from Iceland I got a commission to visit Abyssinia, and so, all in a rush, we had to arrange our wedding.

Djibouti, in French Somaliland, was our jumping-off place for Abyssinia.

It is a friendly little port, free from fever, for the heat is so great that mosquitoes cannot survive it.

As our ship dropped anchor opposite the gleaming white houses of the European quarter, there came a shout: "Passengers travelling farther must not land. Quarantine on board!"

We were the only ones to disembark, and we were given strict instructions to report to the police, and then go straight to hospital. A fine start to our honeymoon!

The doctor was surrounded by a crowd of natives. He seemed surprised that we looked so fit, and brushed aside our questions with his own: "Haven't you any complaints at all? No lightness of the head, no tightness under the arms? . . . You know, of course, that your ship was stricken with bubonic plague?"

Margot went as pale as the doctor's white coat. I stuttered and stammered with horror.

Bubonic plague! The "black death"!

For days we had sailed with it and never known, so completely had the secret been kept.

Although we were dismissed as free from infection, it was days before we recovered from the shock, and we were always asking each other how we felt.

The railway connecting French Somaliland and Abyssinia is unique.

Before we started, Margot packed the tent, film apparatus and our cases on one side of the luggage rack.

Then in came an official, who frowned and repacked half of them on the opposite side. "And people wonder if the train is derailed," he muttered angrily. He knew his job, for the light carriage rocked and swayed ominously on the sweeping downhill curves.

Three days later the train reeled up the heights of Addis Ababa.

But Addis was only a temporary halt, and soon we were off again, heading for the interior and the territory of the restless, war-like Galla tribe who had been giving trouble.

We got our first thrill soon enough, a thrill which revealed to us the eternal tension in which the Abyssinians live.

We were on foot, tracking a gazelle which we had missed with our first shots.

Suddenly a troop of mounted tribesmen appeared on the horizon. Then a second troop and a third.

They must have been watching us for a long time.

As they galloped towards us I saw that each man carried two lances and a shield of black buffalo hide. They ordered us to abandon our hunt and attend their chief's court.

For hours we plodded in the terrific heat. When we came to a clump of mimosas, Margot, pale and breathless, had to stagger from tree to tree for support.

At last we reached the encampment, where the Galla chief squatted among his headmen.

For three solid hours he talked, reciting the woes of all the tribes of Abyssinia.

And what had happened? One of his men had carried off a woman from the neighbouring tribes. Her husband had led a raiding party and killed the abductor.

"When we heard your shots," said the old chief, "we thought the mongrel curs had come to steal our cattle and wives.

"But we are the friends of Europeans, and the milk of peace shall be brought to you."

At last, our Abyssinian adventure was over, but no sooner had we reached Berlin than we were preparing for another journey.

I had been specially commissioned by wealthy German interests to trace Richard Z——, an officer in the German army during the war, who was captured while fighting on the Eastern front.

He was sent to Siberia, but at the end of the war was freed. His family knew that he was alive and had made his home among the slant-eyed, roaming Kirghiz tribesmen.

But he refused to return, nor would he explain why.

My job was to find him, discover why he chose to remain in exile, and, if possible, persuade him to return to his wife and mother. Money was no object.

We went to Leningrad by 'plane, and then by slow Russian railway to Semipalatinsk, the "Town of the Seven Great Tents," in the heart of Central Asia.

(Continued on page 26)

DANGER! BEWARE! ACID IN YOUR STOMACH

WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(From actual photograph)

The kind of acid which causes indigestion — fullness — heartburn — was poured on to a thick Indian carpet. It burned a saucer-sized hole in it! Can you wonder ulcers may form when you neglect excess stomach acid? See what this man suffered — read his letter.

"I was a severe case of duodenal ulcer, and underwent an operation. Pain increased. My doctor advised a stomach pump, and the acid was so strong it burned the throat and bleached the fingers. Then my wife bought a 1/9 packet of Rennies. In three days vomiting and pain ceased, and I felt much better. I can now eat even roast pork and pickles." C. A. M., Prestwich.

RENNIES REACH STOMACH FULL-STRENGTH!

To mop up all that acid, you need a remedy that reaches the stomach full-strength. Rennies do this. Sucked like sweets, they flow down in natural saliva. Instantly all 15 scientific ingredients get to work. Pancrestin stimulates the pancreas juices, actually helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin soothe and protect sensitive stomach linings. Pain ceases. You can eat anything! Take 2 Rennies after meals. Separately wrapped, they are carried loose — and taken without water. Every chemist sells Digestif Rennies, in packets, 25 for 6d. and 100 for 1/9.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

HELPLESS WITH RHEUMATISM

"I was helpless, so I thought I would give your tablets a trial; they (Uracs Dread Tablets) have done me the world of good; what wonderful tablets they are."—S. J. K., Didcot. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Bennet Street, London, E.C.2. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

THE one thing for which most men strive is security!!! not only for themselves, but for their dependents. In providing the means to this commendable end the Abbey Road Building Society are helping to calm the fears and fulfil the hopes of tens of thousands of ordinary people.

Own your own home with the help of

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

Managing Director: Sir Harold Bellman

The Abbey Road service is courteous and generous, speedy and efficient. Assets exceed £50,000,000.

ABBEY HOUSE : BAKER STREET LONDON · N.W.1

CVS-316

"EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER. BUT..."
... WELL HER BREATH IS... SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!
OH, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY STAYS AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY!...
MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST
BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH!
EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD BETWEEN BADLY CLEANED TEETH! I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING PARTICLES.
MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER AND CLEANER ALREADY!
FRIDAY NIGHT — TWO WEEKS LATER
I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL OUT TO-NIGHT!
SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!
(THINKS) HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S.

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. — Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgate's makes teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

THREE SIZES 6d 1/- 1/6d

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Small Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless vegetable, yet speedy in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Small Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 2/-

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

£6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear or 12/6 Terms (£6 monthly). Other Cycles for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys, Youths, Girls, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

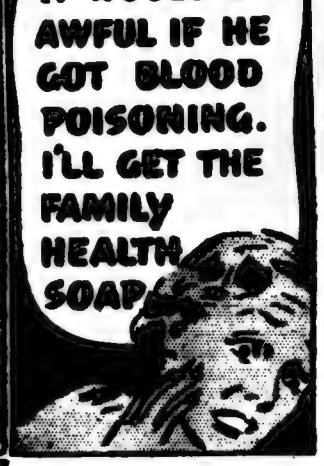
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FAMILY STORIES

Baby's New Toy

On Stephen's second birthday his aunt gave him a toy motor-car.

But Auntie hadn't noticed that it had a sharp edge.



Assure safety for yourself and your family. Keep dangerous dirt at bay. Wash always with Family Health Soap. Don't give dirt a chance to fester and do its destructive work. Preserve yourself from dirt dangers by using this health-giving soap, and let its soothing lather give you real antiseptic cleanliness always.

KNIGHT'S

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

3d. per tablet — 6d. for 2 tablet carton

NN 20-364 — JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED. Soap Makers since 1819

DINGY TEETH NOW WHITENED EASILY! MAGNESIA DOES IT.

A real discovery has been made about the teeth. Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, should try what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

From the time you begin to use this simple chemistry on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. You can see it plainly. Your friends will notice it. Phillips' Dental Magnesia is what you use, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

This is no trouble, takes no extra time. Simply get the dentifrice which the dental profession now recommends for care of the teeth—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' which dissolves all stains. Ordinary dentifrices with magnesia in them may not do any harm, but they do not give the whitening action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

But dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice for other reasons! Phillips Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids that has yet come to light. Tartar makes little headway in the mouth that is kept alkaline by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline fortified. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached." The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as orginally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

'Incurable' Indigestion relieved in 5 minutes!

You may have suffered so long that you regard your indigestion as incurable. But try 'Bisurated' Magnesia after your next meal—*you'll get wonderful relief in 5 minutes.* By preventing fermentation, and instantly neutralising excess acidity—which causes practically all stomach trouble—'Bisurated' Magnesia stops pain at once, and restores normal, healthy digestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is sold at 1/3 and 2/6 (powder or tablets) by all chemists. Tablets, trial size 6d. Doctors and Hospitals the world over use and prescribe it for all forms of stomach trouble.

Great 'stuff' this
TOP MILL SNUFF
IN TWOPENNY TINS FROM TOBACCONISTS
J. & R. WILSON LTD. • • SHEFFIELD

GREY HAIR banished

HINDES HAIR TINT is harmless for restoring and preserving the natural colour of the hair. Contains no grease. Easy to apply. Cannot be detected. Four shades: Light Brown, Dark Brown, Brown, Black. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers 2/6 per bottle.

HINDES HAIRTINT

FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to Hindes Ltd., 5 Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Waste of to-day is— Wealth of the Future

FOUR million pounds a year are lost in the dustbin.

Since the war we have wantonly thrown away rubbish that would build eight battleships of the size of *Rodney* and *Nelson* and still leave a big margin to spare.

The removal of rubbish in Great Britain costs more than £15,000,000 a year.

It used to be a dead loss.

To-day efforts are being made to recover something from the wastage.

And already they are succeeding.

Last year 50,000 tons of scrap metal and 1,500,000 tons of paper were retrieved from the nation's rubbish-heaps.

Many of our great cities are looking to the incinerator as a source of revenue.

Birmingham has five factories which deal entirely with rubbish. During the year 6,000 tons of metal and enormous quantities of by-products have been recovered.

★ ★ ★

In addition enough fuel is obtained to generate electricity for all five plants, and to charge the batteries of the electric vans which collect the city's rubbish.

Kensington has a plant which turns waste vegetable matter rejected from households into fertiliser. Already 20,000 tons of this fertiliser have been placed on the market.

Once empty bottles had no value. To-day a Glasgow factory treats empty whisky and wine bottles scientifically, and from each one extracts 40 miles of fine glass thread.

Britain's potato farmers used to bear heavy losses every year on tons of small or mis-shaped potatoes, useless for sale in the domestic market.

Thousands of tons of potatoes were thrown away.

But not now. Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, has a factory grinding rejected potatoes into a pulp, which is being sold at 27s. 6d. a ton for feeding livestock.

When you travel through industrial areas you see great, gaunt hills of coal slag.

Science has taken them in hand and is turning the slag into bricks.

Last year 50,000 tons of bricks were produced from the slag of one derelict Wigan colliery, giving work to scores of men.

Abroad, where shortage of raw materials makes more drastic demands on national resources, waste matter is put to even more strange uses.

Palestine no longer dumps surplus fruit into the sea.

It has been discovered that the white matter inside the skin contains pectin, the main constituent of gum.

Spain's civil war has reduced the world supplies of olive oil. But the European housewife needs oil in the kitchen and a substitute had to be found.

★ ★ ★

It has come from the stones of grapes, which one might have thought the most useless of all by-products.

Last season 200,000 gallons of grapestone oil of first-grade quality was put on the market.

For years now fresh eggs have been scarce and expensive in Germany. That defect is being made good by the use of albumen from surplus fish.

One Hamburg factory is already producing a quantity of fish albumen equivalent to 400,000,000 eggs every year.

Because Germany has little gold, dentists may not use it in their work.

They must use compositions made of artificial resin (called kunstharz), limestone and coal, which are said to be more effective in dentistry than either gold, porcelain or guttapercha.

So, remember, the waste of to-day may be the wealth of to-morrow.

The removal of rubbish in Great Britain costs more than £15,000,000 a year

Honeymoon Adventurers

(Continued from page 24)

Semipalatinsk has an evil reputation. It is a spy nest, and its web of intrigue reaches out to Afghanistan, Persia, and China.

As foreigners, we were suspect from the beginning, and we had to endure days of irritating delay and officiousness until we contacted a Russian official, who gave us consent to enter Kirghiz territory and supplied us with a guide.

At the guide's suggestion, we decided to begin our search for Richard Z—— at the winter camping ground of the Kirghiz.

In a village near-by lived an Austrian doctor who had also been a prisoner of war. It was possible that he might have heard of Richard Z——.

After driving all day in a three-horse, ramshackle carriage, we reached the doctor's wooden homestead.

Yes, he knew the man we were seeking, and he would arrange a meeting.

WHEN at last we were face to face with Richard Z——, I could scarcely believe he was a European and a German of the army caste.

His cheeks were sunken, and the bones stood out like those of any Asiatic. In his grey linen smock he was almost indistinguishable from a Kirghiz tribesman.

He and the doctor talked with us for hours of their war experiences.

"There were thirty-seven of us taken prisoners," said Richard Z——. "We scraped up three roubles between us. For that we were given a warmed cattle-truck all the way from Poland to Siberia."

★ ★ ★

And so they talked on, these exiles. Always they lived in the past; never could we persuade them to look to the future, or reawaken their interest in their homes and the families who mourned them as living dead.

Margot tried again and again, persuading as only she can persuade. But in vain. She could touch no chord in Richard Z——, stir no response, save a strange, mechanical smile.

Timeless Asia and the vast silence of her steppes had him in her grip. I knew he would never return to Germany.

"Tell them at home—my mother and my wife—that I am getting along all right, but that I do not want to change things," he said.

"Here, among the Kirghiz, I have forgotten that time and conventions are important in life—as they are to you in Europe. I have forgotten it all—for ever."

Richard Z—— went from the doctor's house into the night.

He shambled away to the little round tent where he was living, and we never saw him again.

And so our mission failed. The exile had fallen in love with his new country and adopted people.

Somewhere in the wilderness that lies between Siberia and Mongolia, Richard Z——, ex-officer and gentleman, is still living the life of a Kirghiz tribesman.

"Greatest of These"

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Betty's ex-Service father is in a tight corner.

He has been unemployed for nine months and his wife and two children have been seriously ill.

Debts have mounted, and now the furniture dealers are threatening to take away his belongings unless he pays £1 13s. which he owes them.

"I have only £3 to pay to complete my contract," he says. "You can imagine how heartbreaking it would be for me to lose my home after struggling so hard.

"I receive £1 15s. 6d. a week, and after paying rent, coal, light and insurance, I have only thirteen shillings on which to keep my family.

"We have had to go on pawning and pawning until now there is nothing left. Even my wife's wedding ring has gone."

Betty

Our readers will bring for themselves and Betty's family a happy Easter, if they will send donations earmarked "Betty."

These and subscriptions towards the general fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Next Week:
Spanish Love

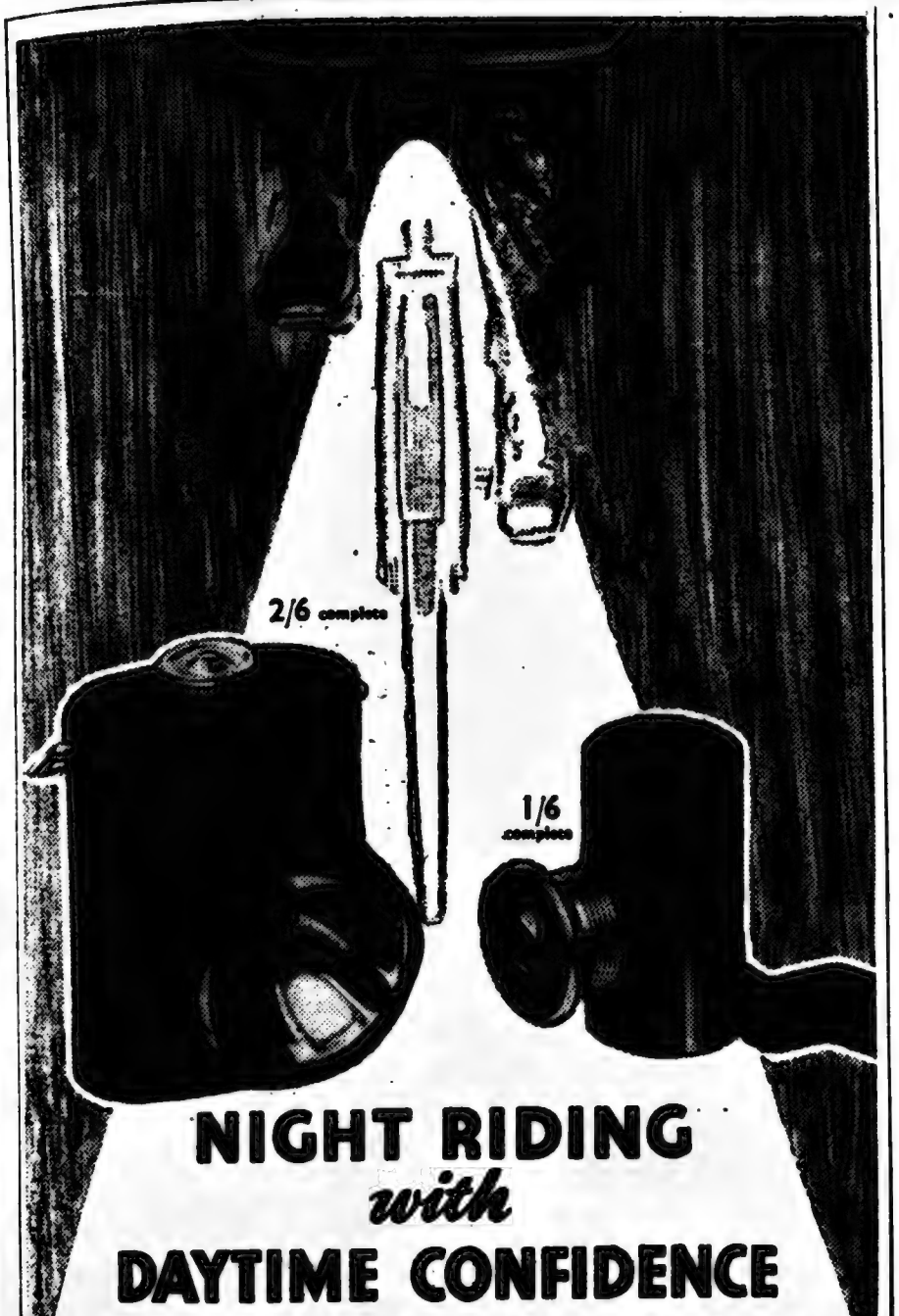
BEAUTIFY YOUR FLOORS WITH THIS LASTING HIGH GLOSS FINISH

When you use Varnene for staining and varnishing your floors you are sure of a durable high-gloss finish that will give lasting brilliance. Will not readily chip or scratch.

From Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers in Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless). Varnish Chemist Products Ltd., London, W.6. V.DA39.

TINS: 6d. 1/- 1/6

VARNENE the Timer OIL VARNISH STAIN



NIGHT RIDING *with* DAYTIME CONFIDENCE

When you go cycling this Easter, fit Ever Ready Electric Cycle Lamps to your machine. Then you will be quite sure of riding after dark with all the carefree confidence of daytime. The flickerless rear lamp is important since it gives a warning light to overtaking traffic, which promises to be exceptionally heavy this holiday. The two Ever Ready Lamps together cost only about a halfpenny an hour to run . . . buy a set now and know that you will see and be seen.

Insist on Ever Ready Refill Batteries for most light-mileage.

EVER READY

ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

The Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) Limited, Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.7, manufacturers of Torches and Dry Cells, Cycle Lamps, H.T. Batteries and Accumulators, Radio Receivers, etc.

It's piping cool!

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND ..... 10d per oz.

IN easy to open VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

★ A FREE BOOKLET on SKIN TROUBLES

Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 29. End your skin troubles once and for all times by getting full particulars of this new medical discovery. The full facts are described in a special booklet, a free copy of which will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement. Turn to this now, while you think of it!

CONSTIPATION

Conquered by 100-year-old remedy

If you suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Rheumatism, or Liver and Stomach troubles, try Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious and Liver Pills, a genuine old-fashioned vegetable cure, gentle in action and perfectly safe

Dr Scott's Bilious & Liver Pills BRAND

6D., 1/3, & 3/- (Treble Quantity)

Trial size 6d. from all Chemists, or 7½d. post free from W. Lambert & Co., Ltd., Dept. 11, 233, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

S.18

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Sixpence-a-head would Save our Heritage

NATIONAL parks are news to-day. The National Trust is appealing for £13,500 to buy nine hundred acres in the romantic Dovedale and Manifold Valley, running between Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

If this appeal succeeds it will be a great step forward.

Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, is also aware of the need for action.

Opening the National Camping and Open Air Exhibition, he said:

"With the creation of more leisure, with more people enjoying holidays with pay, we shall have to consider seriously the establishment of a chain of national parks."

★ ★ ★

Brave words, Mr. Lindsay. Convince the Cabinet of this need. Rouse them to overcome their prejudices and inertia.

They have left the protection of Britain's beauty too long to voluntary effort.

If the people's heritage were recognised, Dovedale and far greater areas could become national parks at once.

In 1931 a Parliamentary Commission recommended such action. It reported this was necessary "if the present generation is to escape the charge that, in a short-sighted pursuit of its immediate ends, it has squandered a noble heritage." Seven years have passed. What has been done? Not a thing. Britain remains the one country of importance without national parks.

Dovedale's beauty is a heritage which should be guarded for all of us

Yet every year the need is greater. More walkers, more cyclists, more motorists. All seeking the quiet and pleasant places of the land.

Yearning for the country is as old as city life, said Professor Trevelyan the other day.

Yearly that yearning grows and will continue to grow.

A steady increase of 10,000 members a year is reported by the Youth Hostels Association. More hostels are built, but they cannot cope with the demand.

Holiday-times and every week-end see young folk walking and cycling to the far corners of the land. A healthy sign and worthy of fullest encouragement.

By Tom Stephenson

Such recreation is far more beneficial than any artificial exercises.

The National Council for Physical Fitness recognises this and grants have been made for building new hostels. But this is not sufficient.

There should be a Government department for the establishment and maintenance of National Parks.

Regions of outstanding scenic interest should be acquired for the nation.

Town and country planning Acts should be enforced to prevent unsightly development by speculative builders.

Hostels, camp and caravan sites and hotels offering plain but comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates should be provided.

Britain has many such areas which could be so planned without interfering with agricultural pursuits.

Development in this manner would, in fact, be of economic advantage to the Scottish Highlands, depressed areas with more than 25 per cent. of the population unemployed.

★ ★ ★

Here is country which might become a prosperous playground of Britain. Lovely lochs, long winding glens, rugged mountains.

Any other nation would long ago have made the most of such an endowment. We leave it neglected, unappreciated and inaccessible.

To some extent this has been done selfishly and deliberately to maintain the Highlands as game preserves for a few wealthy people.

Then there is the Peak District of Derbyshire, two hundred square miles of wild moors and mountains, and a natural playground for the people from the begrimed, congested towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

But this, too, is jealously preserved for grouse-shooting.

The factory worker must stay in his dreary slum, so that the grouse go undisturbed.

How long are such antiquated, anti-social property laws to be tolerated? How long is Britain to be unique in denying to its people access to their native hills?

London's "green-belt," one of the L.C.C.'s greatest achievements, is steadily expanding, and has proved so successful that provincial cities are following suit.

But, admirable though this is, a far bigger project must be undertaken.

It is estimated that some five million working people will be enjoying holidays with pay for the first time this year.

Holiday resorts fear they will be unable to cope with the rush, and there is a demand for "staggered holidays."

Certainly there is no good reason why August should be the special holiday month of the year. June, July and September are equally, if not more, suitable.

But in advocating staggered holidays it should not be assumed that Britain's holiday resources are limited to a few dozen popular seaside towns.

Downlands, uplands, sweeping moors and mountains are ours. We have lakes, rivers and a romantic coastline with quaint fishing villages.

★ ★ ★

They should be preserved unspoiled and accessible for our enjoyment.

Let us have that splendid line of downland from Beachy Head and through the length of Sussex.

Give us the mountains of Snowdonia and the beauty of Lakeland.

Preserve the Pennines from the Peaks to the Cheviots. Take the Cairngorms, the North-west Highlands and the Isle of Skye.

Make them free as National Parks, open to the people safe from restrictions.

It may cost a million pounds! Let it. Less than 6d. a head of the nation is a small price for so much health, freedom and happiness.

The Human Machine

IF you pride yourself on being a reasonable person there is a very simple test that will show whether you are or not.

Just ask yourself how you receive suggestions. Just watch how you react to criticism.

If you are honest, you will have to admit that suggestion or criticism immediately arouses opposition and resentment.

There's nothing to be ashamed of in that. If it didn't, you wouldn't be human. It's very difficult for any of us to imagine the possibility of being wrong!

What does matter is whether we allow that instinctive resentment to dominate us, or whether we can dominate it.

For emotion is like fire. It is an admirable servant, but a bad master. Controlled, confined and harnessed, it can generate tremendous power.

☆

Allowed to blaze unchecked it can destroy everything within reach.

And the first thing unchecked emotion destroys is reason. You can't think rationally while you're in what we call "an emotional state."

☆

That's why, if your immediate reaction to suggestion or criticism is resentment, you should calm yourself before you speak.

Her natural gaiety had vanished. Everything and everybody was 'getting on her nerves.' She felt she could stand no more. But now, after a short course of Beechams Pills she is revitalised, her natural lovely self! Why not take Beechams Pills yourself? They will purify your blood, keep your system regular and your skin really youthful.
Sold Everywhere.

NOW RADIANT AND ATTRACTIVE after taking BEECHAMS PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

TO AVOID FLATULENCE AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

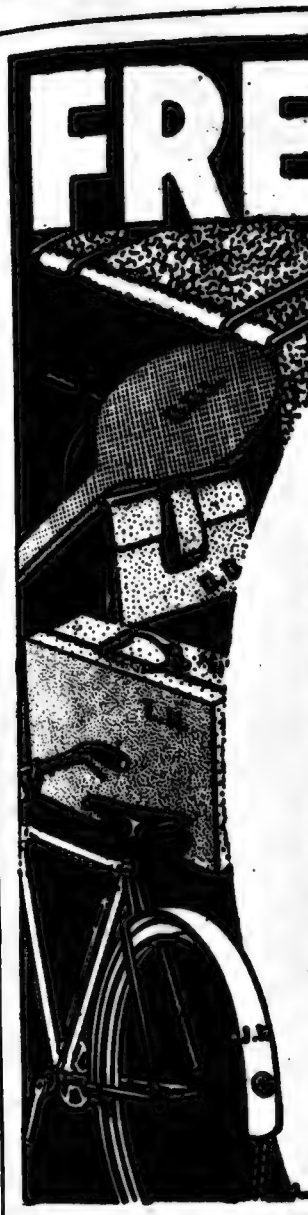
'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

New Treatment for SCIATICA

There is little doubt nowadays that the best way to tackle Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc., is from within. You can't *rub* out Uric Acid, you must *rinse* it out.

Fynnon Salt is the ideal internal rinse. A spoonful stirred in tepid water makes a pleasant, non-fizzy saline, laden with Sodium, Potassium, Lithium and other curative elements that gently rinse the system of the clogging deposits formed by Uric Acid. It is these deposits that set up those agonising twinges of penetrating pain that rack the body and sear the soul. They'll never go until you have spring-cleaned the system with Fynnon Salt for a few successive mornings. There's nothing drastic about Fynnon Salt, nothing harsh or harmful. Its effect is similar to Mineral Spa water with this important advantage, that a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water is equal in medicinal value to three glasses of Spa Water. Take Fynnon Salt every day for your Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc. 1/3 a tin from all chemists.

FREE



Your own INITIALS IN GOLD

Initials are all the rage these days — for ornamental as well as practical purposes. And now everyone is offered absolutely FREE the means of bringing their belongings into fashion with neat, attractive initials in a beautiful gold and red combination — initials which will give *your* personal things a decorative "finishing touch" as well as an "identity". The proprietors of Robbialac, the famous Home Painting Products, will gladly send transfers of your initials upon request — transfers which you can easily apply on practically any surface.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write your full name, initials and address in block capitals on a *postcard*, place it in an envelope along with a loose 1½d. stamp and the lid from a tin of

ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH

Most home-owners will have a tin of Robbialac Synthetic Finish by them. If you cannot find your old one, get a 6d. or 1/- size from your nearest paint shop, ironmonger or cycle dealer.

SEND NOW FOR YOUR INITIALS

Address your application as follows:—

Initials Dept., J.B. 1, Robbialac Works, London, E.15

(Note:—To comply with Post Office regulations your envelope must be sealed with a 1½d. stamp and marked "THIS CONTAINS A LID").

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10 for 4D

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History of British Naval Uniforms. Picture cards in all Packings.

PJ200.

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD
150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Remarkable Offer Backed by Guarantee to all SKIN SUFFERERS

Medical Dream Realised. Dr. Jacob Ignatz Mrochem, whose discovery of the first soluble and assimilable sulphur ever known has opened the way to one of the most remarkable offers ever publicly made to sufferers from skin disease.

whether their troubles are the result of blood impurity or the after-effects of other illnesses, whether manifested as Sores, Rashes, Pimples or Ulcers, and irrespective of how long they have suffered

YOU SHALL SEE THE ENDING OF YOUR SKIN DISEASE BY MAY 5* OR THE TRIAL TREATMENT SHALL COST YOU NOTHING

**This date applies to all who write TO-DAY. If you write to-morrow or the day after you must add one or two days to the above date.*

A FEW MONTHS AGO scarcely anyone would have been imprudent enough to give you a definite guaranteed undertaking that you would see the ending of your skin disease or not be one penny out of pocket for a 14 days' treatment. You could buy various commonly accepted remedies and you could take various well-defined treatments. Probably you have done so already. But the fact that YOU, in common with so many thousands of others, continue to suffer from dreadful skin afflictions, even after having tried every modern ointment, lotion, powder, ray treatment or diet, is sufficient proof that such methods are by no means certain.

But now there is a treatment that IS. And the undertaking means every word it says—that you shall receive proof on your own body for your own eyes to see and your own hands to touch—firm, healthy and smooth skin again, where now it is diseased, spotted, scabbed or ulcerated. And you will see the clearing by May 5th, or the trial treatment shall not cost you a penny.

One fact and one fact only has made this possible—and that is the remarkable discovery by one of Germany's leading research chemists of a way of making sulphur soluble and assimilable by the blood. Ask any doctor what assimilable sulphur means and he will tell you it is something that medical research workers have been striving to find for the last 100 years. He will tell you they have long believed such a form of sulphur could end almost any and every type of skin suffering. And he will tell you why.

Sulphur has within itself the *power* to do three things:

(1) It is the greatest blood purifier known and has the power to cast out all the varying blood impurities that now erupt to the surface of the skin in the form of sores, rashes, boils and acne.

(2) It is strongly anti-parasitic and can end the germ infection of dreadful skin diseases.

(3) It is the secret of cell health, and can heal open ulcerated conditions and accelerate the building of new healthy skin cells.

But—and it is a big 'but'—till now not one-thousandth part of this power has been available to YOU. Why? Because ordinary sulphur, whether in tablet, ointment, or powder, cannot be assimilated by the blood except in the minutest quantities. Indeed, experts have shown that even if it were possible for you to eat a hundredweight of ordinary sulphur, less than a salt-spoonful would be absorbed.

But now there IS an assimilable sulphur. Now there IS a form of sulphur that can be entirely absorbed into the blood—far more than a thousand times clinically effective than any known before. And NOW you begin to see why there is a skin treatment that can be offered under such terms.

A few months ago under the name of "Sibeul" Assimilable Sulphur, the first supplies of the new treatment were brought to Britain. And though doctors had always predicted outstanding results, though their medical knowledge had shown them what to expect, the immediate effects of "Sibeul" surpassed all medical optimism. Most amazing of all is the speed of recovery. The most obvious day-to-day improvement is visible in many cases. Burning irritation ends almost at once. Weeping conditions dry up. Dreadful eruptions cease. And ulcers are seen to heal and beautiful new skin speedily forms.

Post this NOW

If you suffer from:

- ECZEMA
- PSORIASIS
- LEG TROUBLE
- DERMATITIS
- NETTLERASH (Urticaria)
- BARBER'S RASH (Sycosis)
- IMPETIGO, ACNE
- PIMPLES & BOILS

OVER 15,000 OF BRITAIN'S WORST CASES ENDED

The greatest proof of all, however, is the remarkable record of successes. During the few short months that "Sibeul" has been offered to the British public, more than 15,000 cases that had defied practically every other treatment have been conquered. Their Symptoms and Report Sheets show they have been sufferers who have tried everything that money could buy and skill could advise. Are YOU going to wait on and on hoping against hope? Or are you going to take the first step NOW and take advantage of this remarkable assimilable sulphur treatment that will show you definitely how you can end your skin trouble?

What you have to do is explained in a book entitled, **"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good."** There is no obligation for you to act upon its information if you do not care to, but if you are in earnest to end your suffering it will bring you more than hope, more than promises, but will definitely tell you how you can see the ending of your skin trouble by May 5th, or not be one penny out of pocket for the trial treatment. A copy will be sent to you quite free on receipt of the Application Form below.

20 YEARS OF ECZEMA CURED

"I have had a course of your Sulphur Treatment for Eczema on the leg of 20 years' duration, and I am very pleased to say that I am absolutely cured and shall recommend your Treatment to anyone who suffers from that dreadful complaint."

E. J. G., Worcester Park.

The Institute of Brustas

where the amazing therapeutic effects of Mrochem's discovery were tested, in co-operation with leading medical specialists of the University.

The University of Berlin Clinic

for Skin Diseases. One of the many great German institutions that have recognised the value of Mrochem's discovery and have added their name to the volume of his praise.

COVERED from HEAD to FOOT BUT CURED

"I am very pleased to tell you that my skin troubles have all disappeared and my skin is perfectly clear, for which I am very thankful. You can say you cured the worst type of Dermatitis. I could not even mark the chart you sent because it was from head to foot."

J. McA., Cambusalang.

APPLICATION FORM

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR LTD.,
ADAM HOUSE, 69 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet, **"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good,"** with full details of your guarantee as mentioned above.

NAME.....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters, and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage it will be greatly appreciated.

John Bull, 16/4/38

FREE to ALL NEW CLIENTS

This invaluable Guide to the Turf with Foreword by LORD LONSDALE contains 256 pages of helpful and interesting articles, tables, humorous anecdotes, Ready Reckoners, Diary, etc.

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WE OFFER YOU the most generous terms and the convenience of a Credit Account. Commissions for 1/- up to any amount are accepted for Starting Price or for Tote Returns. NO LIMIT.

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account, and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
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IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

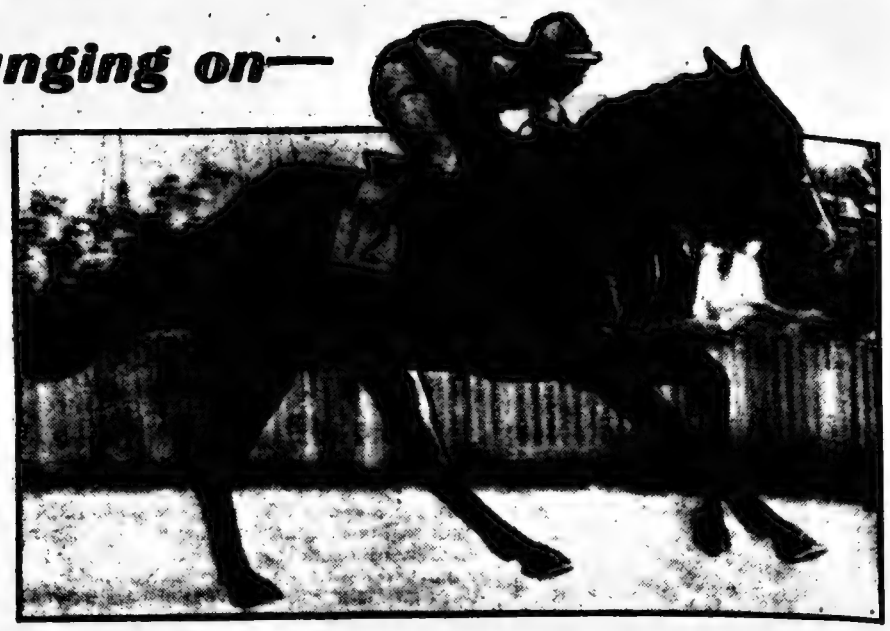
No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden bend. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Punters are Plunging on—



Derby's Four Dark Horses

RUMOURS, whispers and the story of a champion jockey's dream have done startling things to the advance betting on the Derby.

Although the biggest race of the year is still six weeks off, the small backers, of whom there are five or six millions, have begun betting on it with a liveliness that has astonished the bookmakers.

Extraordinary fact is that most of the money has been plunged on four horses whose names were unknown until a few weeks ago.

Take Pasch, a son of the famous stallion Blandford, who sired the Derby winners Trigo, Blenheim, Windsor Lad and Bahram, and was grandsire of another Derby winner, Mahmoud.

Pasch is in the Beckhampton stable of Mr. Fred Darling, and knows nothing at all about racing in public.

For some reason or other, a host of optimistic people have marked him down as the Derby winner—and said so with their money.

Why they should be so confident is mystifying Mr. Darling.

"Never have I been more baffled," he says, "than in trying to understand the furore for this horse.

"Why, I can't even prophesy that he will run in the Derby, far less win it!"

So unexpected has been the betting on Pasch that the bookmakers have had to cut his price to fourteen to one—amazingly short odds for an unknown, immature and inexperienced horse.

MATHEMATICALLY, this means that Pasch—should he ever see Epsom—would have an equal chance with every second horse in the race.

An absurd contention, when weighed against the fact that he is still a novice without serious training, and that the man who knows most about him would be highly surprised if he got even a place.

It seems that the betting on Pasch has been inspired by no more than a dream which Gordon Richards had while on a winter holiday in Switzerland.

He is said to have told friends that he had seen himself ride a Derby winner for the first time in his career.

But there is still no certainty that he will ride Pasch in the Derby.

If he does not, he will, of course, be in the saddle on one of Lord Astor's two entries, Pound Foolish or Cave Man.

Neither of these horses has any real experience of racing.

Pound Foolish was given an outing last week and showed himself to be the rawest tyro.

Certainly, if good looks could win the Derby, Pound Foolish has the race at his mercy. He is another Blandford colt, out of the Oaks winner Pennycomequick, and, in appearance, is perhaps the best product that has ever come from Lord Astor's Cliveden stud.

Both Lord Astor and his trainer, Mr. Joe Lawson, of Manton, are puzzled why Pound Foolish and Cave Man should have captured the public's fancy.

Ask a bookmaker to quote you a price for the Aga Khan's Sadruddin. He will shake his head and tell you to enquire later.

He is worried by the insistent demand that has come from all over the country for this Solario colt.

NO wonder Mr. Frank Butters, the trainer, is perplexed. He could understand substantial wagering on any of the Aga Khan's other horses in the Derby—Mirza II (a doubtful stayer), Khan Bahadur or Tahir, especially Tahir.

But the interest of the man in the street in Sadruddin is inexplicable.

Sadruddin has never been in a race of any kind, and he could only finish fourth in a seven-furlongs trial the other day.

(Above) Portmarnock, the real Derby favourite, in action. His owner, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, has done much to improve the standard of British racing

But even this has not discouraged his "inspired" army of backers.

Astonishing, too, has been the demand by backers for Lord Derby's Onslaught—another "maiden."

If the strapping Onslaught gets to the Derby starting-gate, he will be the biggest horse in the field.

But trouble with his fleshy legs has made it necessary for his trainer, Mr. C. Leader, to go very slow with him.

The colt certainly has great possibilities, but, if the season continues to be one of firm going, his Derby chance would be remote.

Backers are disregarding these facts.

Greatest freak of all in the betting on the Derby is the position of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Portmarnock, trained at Newmarket by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

The bookmakers have made this son of the famous Fairway a sound favourite for the classic at odds of seven to one. They are entitled to do so on his splendid performances last season as a two-year-old.

But the public, so fascinated by "mystery" horses, refuses to show any enthusiasm for Portmarnock.

Captain Boyd-Rochfort himself cannot enlighten them. He has five other horses in training for the Derby—Glen Loan, Unbreakable, Silver Spear II, Olympus, and Valerian III, the last four owned by American millionaires.

"If I am to win this Derby," he says, "the odds should be seven to one against my stable—not against Portmarnock alone.

"I can't say which of them is the best, for the simple reason that they have not been tried against each other."

But there is no mistaking which horse is the apple of the eye of this former Scots Guards officer who has become the most powerful influence in British racing to-day.

It is Portmarnock.

A FEW days ago Captain Boyd-Rochfort brought out Portmarnock for my inspection at Freemason Lodge, his home at Newmarket.

I expressed surprise at the smallness of the Derby favourite. He is less than sixteen hands high.

"Ideal size for the twists and undulations of the Derby course," was Captain Boyd-Rochfort's comment.

"And look at those honest eyes. He has never been sick or sorry for himself for a moment since he was foaled. He will fight it out to the last ounce."

In the past few weeks I have seen most of the highly-bred three-year-olds nominated for the Derby. Portmarnock is the most improved horse of his age.

I left Freemason Lodge with the impression that the bookmakers are right in believing that Portmarnock, if all goes well with him, will win the Derby.

W. M.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

Queen's Prize Nap

PITY the racing journalist at Eastertide, particularly he who works "inside," in the office of his paper.

He has to deal with flat-race meetings at Kempton Park, Newcastle and Birmingham; and with 'chasing at Manchester, Cardiff, Carlisle and a dozen other centres of the sport. Then there is Pony Turf Club sport at Northolt Park and Portsmouth.

All this apart from the big Irish meeting at Fairyhouse and the smaller fixtures at Mallow, Waterford and Tramore.

The venue for most Metropolitan punters will be Kempton Park, the star attraction being the race for the Queen's Prize.

I have given careful study to the entries and have narrowed the issue to Marcus Superbus, Coup de Roi and Dytchley; and I make Marcus Superbus my selection. "Marcus" is a good 'un and should give us a run. I expect great things of him in the future.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 14, to Wednesday, April 20.

X	Z	Q	C	93	B	94	M	S	R	P	O	96	T	F	U
97	L	H	J	I	95	E	D	K	V	W	A	N	98	G	Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

93393FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

DANGER IS HERE

AS the days lengthen so do children welcome the opportunity of greater freedom out of doors. No longer need they remain cooped up at home as during the dark, wintry evenings, and eagerly they rush out to make the most of these precious hours of extra daylight.

Parents know that in children's games there is often danger. Running, climbing, jumping, and a hundred and one other things—it's all grand fun to them till sooner or later a little foot slips. The inevitable has happened and another youngster is out of action, perhaps for weeks, lucky to escape with only a broken limb.

106 CHEQUES FOR PARENTS LAST WEEK.

That the risk is a real one is reflected in the constant stream of cheques dispatched under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift. Last week alone no fewer than 106 parents had cause for self-congratulation on their foresight in having registered when each received a prompt and welcome cheque following an accident to one of their children—practical assistance that came as a real boon and blessing to meet the extra expense that the accident of necessity entailed.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to the many accident benefits provided for by the scheme, "JOHN BULL" is the *only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

A SECURITY GIFT WORTH £2 2s. 0d. Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers you free would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least two guineas in annual premiums.

Remember! One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

With "John Bull's" certificate of Security safe under lock and key in your homes you will feel a tremendous relief. Every minute of the day you will be able to face the future with confidence, for you will have that most comforting of all knowledge, the knowledge that in the event of misfortune to yourself, your dependants or your home, there is a friend to whom you can turn for speedy and open-handed assistance . . .

In our daily round we have to face the risks and dangers, and Fate does not discriminate. That is why the completion of the Forms below for our Insurance Gift is of vital importance to you.

"Anything may happen" is an old saying and just how true it is is being proved every day. Every breadwinner, every wife, every child and every home must be safeguarded if family life is to enjoy that happiness and contentment that is inspired by a feeling of Security. If you have not yet secured "John Bull's" unrivalled Security Gift use the Forms below AT ONCE.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

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JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/4/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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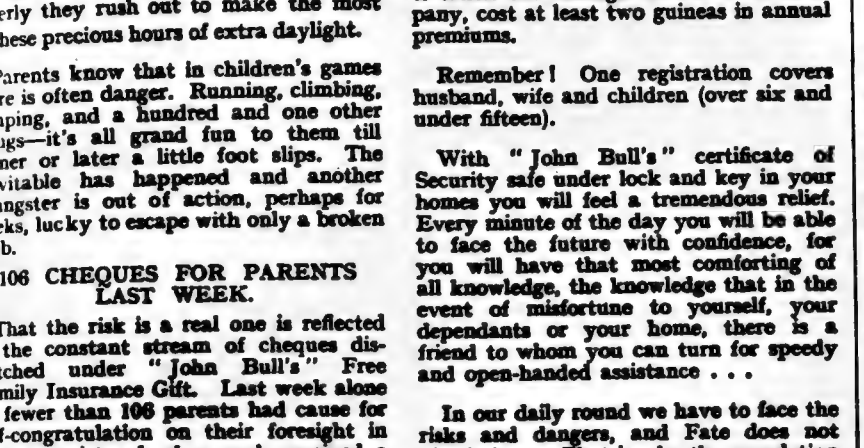
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 16/4/38.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"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2s. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 2d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 172, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3/9

HOW HEALTHY YOU USED TO BE!

How much happier life was when health and youth were on your side! How enthusiastically you attacked your work—Nothing worried you—your appetite was keen! Your powers were boundless—the sky was your limit! *Do you remember?*

RE-KINDLE THE "FIRE" OF YOUTH—

By Taking Dr. Cassells Tablets!

DO not sigh for the days that are gone! Do not imagine that you have said "good bye" for ever to those days of health and energy! *You can re-kindle the "fire" of youth by taking Dr. Cassells Tablets!* Dr. Cassells Tablets will make the "flame" of health burn bright and clear once more! They will make *you* feel younger, more vigorous, more vitally alive because they will restore to your body the Nerve Force and Energy upon which health depends!

Dr. Cassells Tablets will give *you* back Energy, restore Enthusiasm, Sharpen up your Brain, create sound Nerves, fill you with New Strength and New Cheerfulness! Soon you will find yourself eating better; sleeping better; working better and not only *feeling younger*, but actually *being younger in looks!*

The brightness will return to your eyes; the glow of health to your cheeks! The hardest day will be powerless to quench your enthusiasm for life!

Experience for yourself how this wonderful tonic will quickly end:—

NERVES, INDIGESTION
NEURITIS, INSOMNIA
HEADACHES, WEAKNESS
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
DEPRESSION, MELANCHOLIA
APATHY, MENTAL DULLNESS
JUMPINESS, EXHAUSTION
WORRY, LOSS OF ENERGY

Dr. Cassells Tablets accomplish this because they actually contain no less than 19 special revitalising Health Ingredients which bring to every nerve, every muscle and every function of your body a new force and power! Get *your* supply TO-DAY!

Sold Everywhere Price 6d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Exact size

For INWARD PILES

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"For years I had piles and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories wonderfully relieved the pain and other symptoms. I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day."—Mrs. M. S., London.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look like an old man and was low-spirited. Regular use of Zam-Buk caused the piles to disappear and ended my years of suffering."—Mr. A. F., Liverpool.

Great New X-word Service!

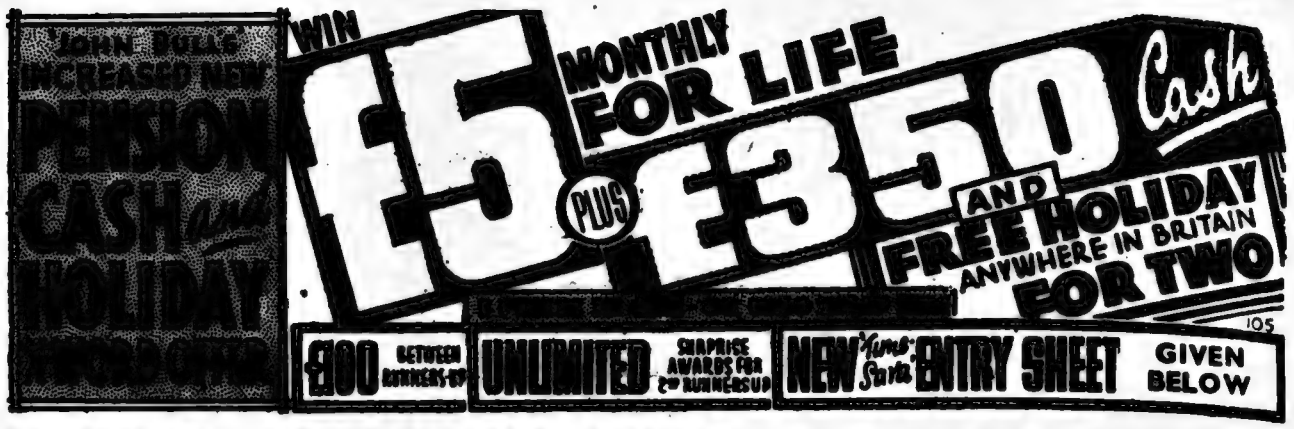
TO-DAY "John Bull" introduces a great new boon for Crossworders—the unique "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet presented on this page.

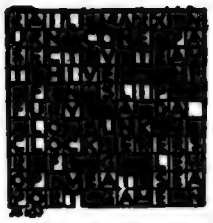
Without depriving you of any of the fun of working out this week's Crossword, "Time-Sava" banishes the labour of completing separate squares.

Full instructions for using the new "Time-Sava" Sheet appear upon it, immediately below the Clues for this week's Crossword.

Read these instructions carefully and, whether you wish to submit one sixpenny entry or more, "Time-Sava" will help you to indicate your Answers to the Clues.

Whether you use the new "Time-Sava" Sheet, or prefer completing the ordinary squares on this page, remember this essential point—your entry must reach "John Bull" by Saturday, April 23.


JOHN BULL INCREASES NEW PENSION CASH and HOLIDAY
WIN £5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE PLUS £1350 Cash
AND FREE HOLIDAY ANYWHERE IN BRITAIN FOR TWO
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP
NEW Time-Sava ENTRY SHEET GIVEN BELOW
105



X-WORD 102—RESULT ON PAGE 34

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point DAD and DAY were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to *Gazette* Dept., 20, Bedford St., W.C.2.

Winning Words in List Form.

ACROSS.—1. RAIL. 3. MARK. 5. CONE. 7. SECT. 9. TEAM. 10. HIVE. 12. SLIP. 14. FURY. 16. DAD or DAY. 17. BUNK. 18. CLOCK. 19. EWERS. 22. MEAT. 23. PORT. 24. GAME.

DOWN.—1. RUST. 2. INCH. 3. MOVES. 4. NAME. 6. PAN. 8. TINY. 11. FULL. 13. LANE. 15. ROOF. 18. CROP. 20. SWAN. 21. GAG.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, April 23, 1938.

2.—In addition to entries to 1s. 6d. value on "John Bull" forms, each entrant may submit further entries totalling extra 2s. 6d., on forms taken from weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to Entry-fee of 4s.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 5. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 10, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £650 Cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 34.

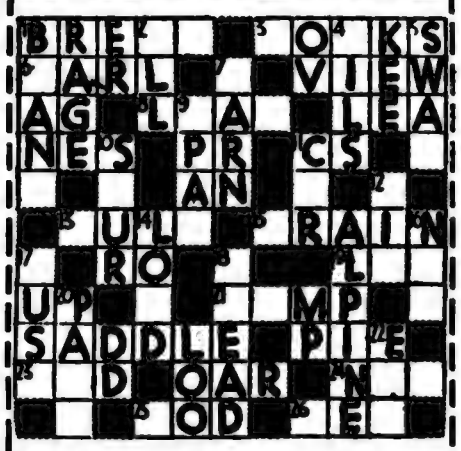
IMPORTANT NEW PRIVILEGE FOR CROSSWORDERS— SEE BULLETIN PAGE

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use new "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

—— —— CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE —— ——

X-WORD No. 105. Closing Sat., April 23.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

CROSSWORD No. 105, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET X-word No. 105. Closing Sat. APRIL 23 STRICTLY COPYRIGHT

Study these Clues

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D. ENTRY-FEE

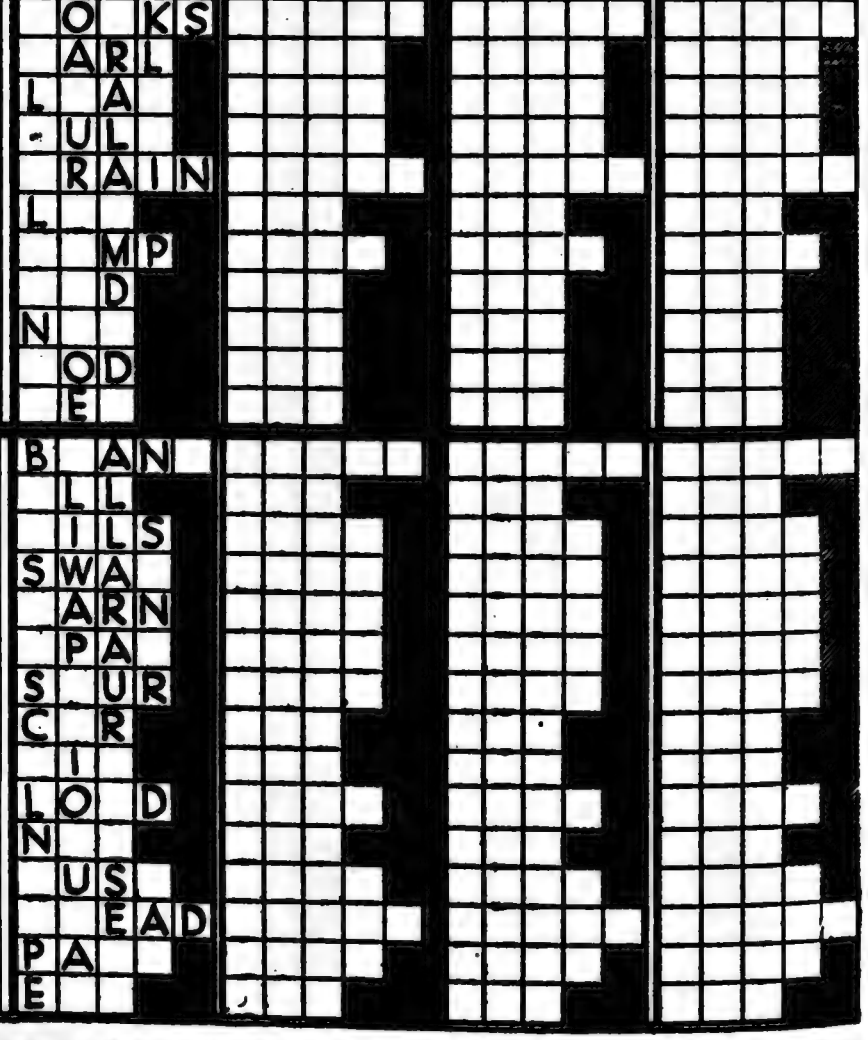
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D. ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

-1. It may call for skill in the playing to get a decent one
3. Ladies often display keen interest in these at beauty parlour
6. Nobleman beginning early
8. It's sometimes a job to secure this when one is in the cart
13. Good hotels are, sometimes
15. Is apt to break down when driven too far
19. Lion's name in gallop
21. It's sometimes better for those in authority to stop this
23. Concealed
24. It's difficult to take one in the midst of traffic
25. Is sometimes caught in net
26. It's unpleasant to walk out in this

DOWN

1. Should not be allowed to grow wild
2. Everybody in stalls
4. Lubricates
5. Police generally find that fence has a lot of this
7. Campers occasionally do this by camp-fire after day's work
9. Precious stone
10. It's a pity that willing horse should get this
11. Some people are annoyed to see one harshly treated
12. Is sometimes for the purpose of deception
14. Air liners often carry one
16. Bidding at auction is sometimes done by
17. People who do this on crowded conveyances sometimes annoy others
18. Loving mother quickly recognises her child's
20. Accident is often the cause of upsetting one
22. Consume



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth column will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at these points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 105 on understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and endorse

P.O. No. ..... Signed .....

Value ..... Address .....

A new kind of motor-bandit is at work so—

Watch your Garden!

"INFORMATIONS"—the bulletin of crime and criminals circulated daily among detectives—contained this week the first particulars of a new type of bandit.

The motor-car garden raider!

Since last week-end the police of thirty counties have been keeping special look-out for him and at least twenty of his kind—modern successors to the travelling tinker, who once stole flowers to hawk from door-to-door at cut prices.

To-day the garden looters work swiftly and on a much bigger scale.

In one night a party of them, using a motor car, took 2,000 flowers from the garden of the vicarage at Lower Heiston, in Kent, and stripped seventeen other large country gardens within a radius of forty miles.

Experts direct these gangs.

This has been obvious from a series of robberies in different parts of the country.

Skilled horticulturists brought in to assist the police have found in every case that only rare blooms were stolen.

There was glaring proof of this in a raid on a cold conservatory in the West country, from which two exotic South American bulbs, worth £200 each, were removed. Nothing else was touched.

In this case police have a theory that the thieves were hired by some rich and envious collector. The bulbs are so valuable that they are worthless to an ordinary person, and would be unsaleable in the open market.

Amateur gardeners, too, are beset these days by a horde of rogues.

In one month the police have had reports of nearly a hundred cases in which house-to-house touts have taken away lawn-mowers, scythes, reaping-hooks, shears and other tools for sharpening, and failed to return them.

These crooks use light motor vans to collect their plunder, and it has been discovered that an organised traffic is in progress between them and the street markets of London, Manchester, Liverpool and provincial towns.

Rose-tree robbers are also very active. They, too, are expert and select only expensive plants.

There is serious risk, too, in buying fertilisers nowadays from unknown salesmen.

Many pedlars of these preparations are selling only shredded cork, in which grapes have been packed, and which they get for nothing from the fruit markets.

Amateur gardeners, like these girls, should keep a sharp look out for rogues

Most rampant of all gardening swindles, however, is one being carried out by individuals who offer to lay lawns at cut prices.

For, say, £20, one of them will undertake to make a fair-sized lawn by draining the ground and putting down high-quality turves.

Actually, his total outlay on inferior turves and labour amounts to one-third of the quoted price, and no drainage work is done. It soon proves to be a dear bargain. In wet weather the lawn becomes boggy and the grass "drowns." A short spell of dryness produces cracks and causes the grass to die in patches.

Imposition is being carried to a great length also by a regiment of parasites who visit householders and, for a stated amount, undertake not only to fit garden gates with a new set of latches, hooks and springs, but to call once a month to oil and, when necessary, replace the fitments without further charge.

It is soon found that the articles they supply are cheap and worthless. The men are never seen again.

Cheating is at its worst in the doorstep sale of potted plants.

Ten days later the buyer finds that he or she has bought a plant which is rootless with decay.

It has just survived long enough to retain its foliage—washed and brightened for the sale.

The Bribery and Corruption League has in the past month issued a special warning.

The gardening scandal, the League has discovered, takes many forms—secret commissions to ill-paid private gardeners, secret discounts on purchases of seeds, fertilisers and plants, and the payment of disguised bribes in the form of prizes and presents for alleged successful growing.

Subtle tricks of dishonest gardeners have become known to the League.

Placing destructive insects and pests on an honest nurseryman's plants and asserting the nurseryman has sold diseased stock; putting rare hothouse orchids outside for a time so as to cause them to wilt; giving other plants the wrong fertiliser and so destroying them.

These are only a few of the tricks practised on garden traders who refuse to give bribes or presents.

* * *

Of course, the great majority of gardeners abhor the system by which they are invited to sell their honour and good-craftsmanship.

The extent and seriousness of corruption in gardening can be realised from the fact that the Royal Horticultural Society has had to issue a "White List" of nurserymen and seedsmen who have pledged themselves not to give discounts or commissions to any professional gardener without the written consent of his employer.

Special Pools Service (by "Poolex")

PLANNING systems for pool entries is becoming increasingly popular with my readers.

But a number of ideas sent to me have had to be rejected because they are not built on a sound basis.

One very common mistake is to work out a system solely to fit past results. This is useless, unless there is some special factor which affects these results.

Here is a typical example.

A reader writes: "I have found that numbers 3, 7, 8, 12, 19 and 24 on the coupon are the best for away wins. Will you tell me how I can cover these six matches for the 4-aways pool each week?"

This is the wrong way to tackle the problem. The only basis for this idea is what has happened in the past.

There is no real reason why match No. 3 on the coupon should be an away win more often than match No. 4.

Away wins on these particular numbers can only be a matter of chance, and therefore no indication at all to future results.

On the other hand, punters have told me that they always use the penny pool matches as the basis for their away selections.

They have noticed that the penny pool lists are made up of matches in which strong teams are playing away to weak or medium sides. They quote past results to support their theory.

Notice the difference between these two ideas. In the last the make-up of the penny pools lists suggests that away wins should be frequent.

This is the special factor on which the idea is founded. Past results merely serve to confirm it.

The other scheme of following certain numbers is suggested entirely by what has happened, and has no other foundation.

It is often a good plan, when working out a new idea, not to refer to past records until you have decided on the basis of the method.

Past results can then be used to confirm, or disprove, your theories.

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, April 16, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

65	Crewe v. Darlington.	38	Blackpool v. Middlesbro'.
64	Millwall v. Cardiff.	37	Leicester v. Grimsby.
53	Oldham v. Rochdale.	32	Falkirk v. Ayr.
50	Crystal P. v. Northants.	30	Stenh'semuir v. Albion R.
49	Exeter v. Q.P.R.	28	Hibernians v. St. Mirren.
48	Clyde v. Hamilton.	27	Wrexham v. Halifax.
47	Dunfermline v. Dundee U.	25	Queen of S. v. Aberdeen.
46	Arsenal v. Birmingham.	23	Swindon v. Brighton.
45	Watford v. Clapton O.	22	Blackburn v. Notts F.
43	Reading v. Walsall.	21	Newport v. Mansfield.
42	Bristol C. v. Torquay.	20	Fulham v. Luton.
41	Plymouth v. Barnsley.	19	Huddersfield v. Chelsea.
40	Chesterfield v. Stockport.		

14	Darlington v. Rotherham.		
12	Partick v. St. Johnstone.		
11	Hull v. Bradford C.		
10	Motherwell v. Third L'n'k.		
9	Sheffield W. v. Newcastle.		
8	N. Brighton v. Southport.		
7	Gillingham v. Southend.		
6	Southampton v. Coventry.		
4	Airdrie v. Leith.		
3	Everton v. Charlton.		
2	Bradford v. Burnley.		
1	Bolton v. Portsmouth.		

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Sunderland v. Leeds.	1	Brentford v. Stoke.	11	Wolves v. Preston.	22
Norwich v. Sheffield U.	2	Edinburgh v. King's Park.	13	Aldershot v. Bournemouth.	23
Barrow v. Carlisle.	3	West Ham v. Bury.	14	Gateshead v. Doncaster.	24
Lincoln v. York.	4	Dumbarton v. Alloa.	15	Derby v. Liverpool.	26
Hartlepools v. Tranmere.	5	Manchester C. v. W.B.A.	16	Forfar v. St. Bernards.	88
Port Vale v. Chester.	6	Notts C. v. Bristol Rovers.	17	Brechin v. Cowdenbeath.	56
Aston V. v. Tottenham.	7	Dundee v. Celtic.	19	Arbroath v. Hearts.	81
Swansea v. Newcastle.	8	Queen's Park v. Rangers.	20		

RHEUMATISM

IS DUE TO KIDNEY TROUBLE

Only a remedy specially prepared to act on the Kidneys can really do you good!

Rheumatism is directly due to weak kidney action. Sluggish kidneys are allowing pain-causing impurities and poisons (especially excess uric acid) to accumulate in the system. These pain-causers lodge in the joints and muscles, irritate sensitive nerves, and thus you have pain day and night.

The only way to end your pain is to cleanse the kidneys and enable these vital organs to carry out their natural work of driving pain-causing poisons from the system. Only a true kidney remedy can do this. The quickest, surest way to prompt kidneys to rid the system of the cause of your Rheumatism, is to start taking the finest of all kidney remedies—De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

In 24 hours from taking the first dose of De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills you have proof-positive they are helping the kidneys. This is not a matter of faith but a matter of fact.

Why stay crippled with pain, feeling and looking too-old before your time. Here is Nature's way of banishing the cause of Rheumatism from your blood. Get a supply of De Witts Pills to-day. Their action is quick, safe and certain. Quick relief from pain and permanent benefit—that is the blessing offered you by this wonderful kidney remedy.

DE WITTS BRAND **KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS**

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

and end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/3, 2/- & 3/-.

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of MAN ZAN BRAND PILE REMEDY.

Get Quick Relief from Indigestion

UNDER normal conditions you never think of the marvellous process we call digestion. It is only when breakdown comes, when the tragedy of indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia looms before you, that you realise what good digestion really means.

Modern civilised conditions, however, are seldom, if ever, "normal" conditions. Irregular meals, badly cooked food, hastily eaten food, over-indulgence at meals, lack of sufficient exercise, daily bring fresh victims to the vast army of those suffering from indigestion—dyspepsia.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been compounded to meet the complicated nature of digestive troubles. From the first dose you will get quick relief, and continued use will bring permanent relief—as it has done to thousands of others.

Do not wait until strength turns to weakness, until your old vitality and vigour are lost, your nerves all frayed and ragged with constant pain. Take De Witt's Antacid Powder now before you become a miserable, irritable, chronic invalid.

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

1/6 of all chemists Double size 2/6

CROSSWORD No. 105.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 23 is presented the 105th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, May 5, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending postcard to Bulletin Dept., 36, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Your Own INITIALS IN GOLD —FREE!

INITIALS are all the rage these days, for ornamental as well as practical purposes. The proprietors of Robbialac, the famous Home Painting Products, will gladly send transfers of your initials in a beautiful gold and red combination absolutely FREE. Send no money. Simply write your full name initials and address in block letters on a postcard, place it in an envelope along with a loose 1½d. stamp and a lid from a tin of Robbialac Synthetic Finish (obtainable at any paint shop, ironmonger or cycle dealer in 6d. and 1/- sizes) and post to "Initials" Dept. J.B.1, Robbialac Works, London, E.15. Be sure that your envelope is sealed and bears a 1½d. stamp and marked "THIS CONTAINS A LID." Accept this wonderful free offer Now!

GET THIS FREE CATALOGUE
—all about "Royal Enfield" Cycles

NOW that Spring is on the way, thousands will turn their thoughts to the joys of the open road. You would be wise therefore to get particulars of all Royal Enfield models by writing for Catalogue E.1 issued by the Enfield Cycle Co., Ltd., Redditch, or fill in the coupon on p. 14. All models can be obtained by gradual payments and to make sure of getting the best value and the best terms, get at once the interesting catalogue offered by Royal Enfield.

X-WORD 102 RESULT

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 102, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square were the following three competitors, who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Sets of Answers seen in Square on left:—

R. B. CRIGHTON, Jnr.,
Ardeen, Drimnagh Road, Crumlin, Dublin.

S. EDWARDS,
4, Churston Close, Tulse Hill, S.W.2.

Mrs. A. JONES,
2, Links Road, Radford, Coventry.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £2,000, and a cheque for £666 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 19, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 25 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £4. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. Each cash prize-winner will also receive a 9-Guinea "Vidor" Radio.

An extra £100 will be divided between cash winners from whom we received for this contest entry-fee of 1s. 6d. or over, with all coupons in same envelope.

A Super Bargain For HOUSEWIVES!

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. Let the Dudley-Electric Vacuum Cleaner free you from this back-breaking task. Fill in and post the Coupon on p. 23 for free folder and full particulars of the model illustrated, and also other models of interest to all housewives!

"What seeds can you recommend for this type of soil?"
(From "The Passing Show.")

The Editor Laughs Last..

SOCCER (Dulwich).—"All our forwards seem to have agreed not to hang on to the ball in their last match." Passed unanimously, so to speak.

C. D. (Liverpool).—"I am in the happy position of being able to put my hands on a bit of cash at any time." Bank clerk?

T. D. (Luton).—"It shows that a man has grit if he keeps his chin up." Or that his collar is too tight.

F. L. (Erith).—"How can I prevent green peas being affected by late ground frosts?" Grow them on a roof garden.

A. E. (Brighton).—"When my little boy is old enough to go to school, how do you think he will like it?" Closed.

WRITER (Clapham).—"As I stepped out of the little country station a painter working overhead accidentally dropped a can of green paint over me." Not quite the sort of local colour you went to get, eh?

* * *

DENTIST (Wigan).—"I had my revenge on a debtor of mine when he came to my house with an aching tooth." You took it out of him.

M. O. F. (Leith).—"I understand that my landlord requires forty clear days' notice of removal." Rather a difficult matter in such an unsettled climate as ours.

A. L. (Leicester).—"Now that our road has been laid down properly, I hope the authorities won't take it up in a hurry." Of course, they won't. They'll probably spend several weeks on the job.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Fortified—Nightingale's "Castle"
—with Trellis-work.

ACTOR (Leeds).—"I was just about to inform the producer that I objected to certain of my lines when he said they had been already erased from the script." He took the words out of your mouth.

* * *

L. S. M. (Ayr).—"My elocution teacher says I don't speak with sufficient force and vigour, and I am wondering what to do about it." Why not take up golf?

B. M. (Hitchin).—"Does a stiff whisky in bed at night really cure insomnia?" No, but it sometimes makes keeping awake worth while.

W. R. (Leeds).—"Our cook is very cheeky. Does yours give you any impertinence?" No, she charges us 30s. a week for it.

P. G. (London, N.).—"I know all the wiles of my son to obtain possession of my binoculars." You can see through them.

F. N. S. (York).—"What happens when a man dines at an expensive restaurant and then finds he has run out of money?" He gets run in.

N. K. (Repton).—"I believe a lot of plots are hatched in our cinemas." Well, quite a number of people put their heads together there.

P. B. (Pinner).—"My three-year-old son has been walking since he was twelve months old." He must be very tired by now.

MANAGERESS (London, W.).—"If only I could have remembered where I had seen her before, I might have given her work." You weren't able to place her.

K. N. (Clacton).—"If all the thin branches are cut off now, apple trees will bear more fruit in the summer." And more small boys.

D. C. (Truro).—"Many motorists in the country often stop to drink in the clear fresh air." Others, of course, prefer the nearest hostelry.

F. K. (Burnley).—"Don't you agree that demolition work should be better paid?" Well, we have just given our domestic help a rise.

D. N. (Durham).—"What can a young man be thinking of to run away with a girl without consulting her parents?" Her parents.

ALBERT (Ganton).—"It's of no interest to me whether my lazy brother catches his morning train or oversleeps himself." You don't give a rap.

GRANDMA (Honiton).—"The girl of the last century had a much better carriage than her modern counterpart." The latter prefers a car.

B. P. (Taunton).—"I find that one advantage of having a car is that it keeps me in the open air." We once had a car like that, too.

P. T. (Bolton).—"The man who tears a complete pack of cards in two must have very strong hands." Or a succession of very weak ones.

ANGUS (Aberdeen).—"Couples getting married in Scotland prefer rice to be thrown over them rather than confetti." Naturally. You can't make confetti pudding.

B. M. (Colchester).—"The photograph I had taken last week makes me look older than I really am." Never mind, it will save you the expense of having one taken later on.

C. M. (Hampstead).—"I claim to know more film plots than anybody else in the country." Now we know who was sitting just behind us at the cinema the other day.

SCHOOLMASTER (Fareham).—"After giving him a severe caning and cross-examination I eventually obtained the truth from the boy." You thrashed it out with him.

* * *

E. M. (Bude).—"A meteorological expert tells me that we can expect fine and warm weather this summer." Of course we can, but why doesn't he tell us what we shall get?

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Dad . . .

Buys antique

by Maz

TAILOR (London, W.).—"The stiff shirt for evening wear still holds its own." The popular front.

J. M. T. (Blackheath).—"Why don't you run a page to help gardeners?" We are doing so this week. On the opposite page you will see how you can win £400 and a £10 Garden Award.

S. M. (Doncaster).—"Don't you agree that women are less exacting than men?" Well, lots of them don't seem to want their pounds of flesh.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DAILY MIRROR:—"Sir T—— will, however, have to unseal his LEAPS next Wednesday."

THE SOUTHERN TIMES:—". . . that the authorities at Paddington will mark well this fine compliment paid to one of their most RUSTED officials."

EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST:—". . . that the R.A.F. machine took flour, tea, candles, sugar, lard and oatmeal to the total weight of nearly a quarter of an HOUR."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . Mr. Eden declared that the indiscriminate use of air WELFARE was brutalising in its effect on all concerned."

EVENING NEWS:—"The Chinese authorities at Canton have proclaimed PARTIAL law."

DUNDEE COURIER AND ADVERTISER:—"Mrs. G—— gave a talk on the EMPIRE Exhibition."

DAILY DESPATCH:—"He said, 'I HEARD a flash.' Somebody shouted, 'A boiler's burst . . .'"

EVENING STANDARD:—"Clapton Orient will play an UNCHANGED team for the first time for several weeks . . ."

'BULLETS' 1,113 RESULT

First Prize, £500 Cash:

A. LENG, 99, Scarbro Road, Norton, Malton.

Example: WHEN THE BUGLE CALLS
Bullet: OR SAXOPHONE, YOUTH'S READY!

SECOND PRIZE £50:

A. BRADSHAW, 40, Beech Street, Tingley, near Wakefield.
Example: City Of The Future
Bullet: Geneva—Or Where's Future?

THIRD PRIZE £25:

Miss V. RUDGE, Llangarron, near Hereford.
Example: My Choice
Bullet: House "Handy To Work."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: W. H. CHALLINOR, 9, Horse Fair, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury.
Taxpayer's Pocket—And Comb, Superfluous Soon!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£9: E. C. PEACE, 40, Withyside, Denby Dale, near Huddersfield.
Village Hitler—But Our "Bodyguard," Bobby.

£8: J. BODDINGTON, "Chadley," Overcombe, Weymouth.
My Choice—Walking—My "Chosen" Driving!

£7: A. G. WINDSOR, 12, Oakdene Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.
Auntie's Gas-mask—"Killing"—Till Sky's "Alive"!

£6: E. L. MINTO, 26, Whitehall Road, Birmingham.
City Of The Future—Smokeless Piles? Smouldering Heaps?

£5: W. G. CROOT, 30, Kingsdon, Taunton, Somerset.
When The Bugle Calls—Deaf? You'll Hear *Bombs!*

£4: A. STONE, 116, Aldenham Road, Bushey, Herts.
City Of The Future—Seems Local Train's Destination!

10 OF £3 EACH:

J. DALZELL, 751, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
But My Head Oh—Official—*He* Wasn't Hungry!

J. DEBONNAIRE, 1, Hollingbourne Road, Herne Hill, S.E.
To Capture Trade—And Husband, Auntie's Cafe!

A. DOWLING, 86, Aubrey Road, Bristol.
Like A Scarecrow—Wifey—In *Maid's* "Mirror."

I. G. FORBES, 33, Staunton Road, Kingston, Surrey.
City Of The Future—Bombproof—Then Bombs Improved!

W. JESSE, 28, Westbourne Road, Penarth, Glam.
In Fame's Gallery—"Ex-painter," Through "Stealing Picture."

L. J. KEDDIE, 9, Beaconsfield Street, Northallerton.
Neighbours' Kids—Respectable—Sonny Made Respectful!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

R. POOLE, 6, Columbia Avenue, Mansfield, Notts.
Spying Out The Land—Feathered "Scouts"—Seeds "Shooting."

Miss V. STAPLEY, "Coulee," Belfairs Drive, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
Had His Day—One Sign, "Ones I——"

B. J. TAYLOR, 26, Oak Street, Middlesbrough.
When Men Are Wanted—Under "Standard," Beneath Standard.

J. A. WILSON, 1, Football Green, Hornsea, Yorks.
Deserves The Cat—Once Had Birch *Undeserved.*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Each of the above winners will also receive an Easter Hamper.
A list of 25 other Hamper winners and 200 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,112 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. J. Syred, 129, Portobello Road, London, W.

SPEND a little leisure making up a few neat *Bullets* and you may well make 1938 your golden year!

If yours is the best effort entered for this fine one-week *Bullets* Offer, a gay "Greetings" telegram will be flashed to your address on Friday, May 6. "Congratulations!" that golden Joy Wire from Long Acre will say. "In *Bullets* No. 1,117 you have won the First Prize of £400 and a special £10 Garden award!" Think what this exciting message would mean to you and yours, then make up your mind that the few simple but well-arranged words that will capture this splendid 3-in-1 prize shall come from your pen.

A big batch of substantial JOHN BULL cheques supports this week's Cash - plus - Garden award and these are followed by a final batch of 300 new Double Surprise awards, each value 5s. You have only a few days in which to win, so start on the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below, remembering that as a JOHN BULL reader you are privileged this week to enter three coupons for the entry-fee of two.

HOW TO WIN

Read through the list of *Examples* and write down, say, six that appeal to you particularly. Then to each of these *Examples* add all the ideas it suggests.

Now a finished *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*, so your next step must be to compress and improve the phrasing of your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example*, GOOD FOR THE WORKER, had prompted the idea, *Holidays To Make Him Healthier*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, GOOD FOR THE WORKER—HOLIDAYS TO *Lengthen* "TERM."

As soon as you have appreciated the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,113th Contest which appear in opening column, start on your own efforts and make sure that your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, April 23.

SAVE 2½d.—

New Service for Readers

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to "John Bull," address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,117, and Crossword No. 105, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

FREE HELP

For post-free complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S free Weekly *Bullets Bulletin and Crossword Gazette*, the finest help available for Competitions, send postcard to *Bulletin* Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BRITANNIA FEARS
HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL, SO
DESERVES A HOLIDAY
PEACE PROGRAMME
NEVILLE AND CO.
NOW I'M A TERRITORIAL
TO AVOID DELAY
BLACK SPOT
MORE SUNSHINE
WITH BUCKET AND SPADE
IF HE'S ALIVE
HOLD UP YOUR HEAD AND
DECLINING
WIFEY'S SERMON
TOO POOR
WHAT HE WENT THROUGH
MAKES EVERYBODY LAUGH
STRUGGLING ON
WHEN GRANDPA FOUGHT
MOTHER'S FIRST
MAKES ME FEEL MURDEROUS
GOOD FOR THE WORKER
ONCE WAS ENOUGH WHEN
COOL CHEEK
BENEATH THE MOON
PICTURE YOUR CHILDREN WHEN
DESERTED
MIGHTY THANKFUL
WEAKER AND WEAKER
TRUTH'S WELL
WHAT PEOPLE THINK
WITH A HOWL OF DELIGHT

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,117) Closing postmark SAT., April 23.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Address .....

Signed .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,117) Closing postmark SAT., April 23.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,117 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose two or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,117 all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE as privilege of JOHN BULL readership.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,117 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as finally and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,117, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Or nearest.)

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

SPRING is here again and with it the new Season's fashions. But have you got that slender line which modern fashions demand? If not, try Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are the safe approved method of slimming. Being purely vegetable you can take a couple nightly with perfect safety.

Bile Beans tone up your system, cleanse the blood of winter impurities and **daily eliminate fat-forming residue.** Thus Bile Beans not only rid you of unwanted fat, but give you a clear skin, bright eyes and radiant health.

Don't forget—two Bile Beans nightly.

BE FIT & WELL THIS EASTER

Why not let Bile Beans make you really fit and well this Easter? One or two taken nightly will banish Winter sluggishness from your system and remove impurities from the blood.

Bile Beans put new life into you; they tone up the digestion, clear the complexion, and make you look and feel years younger.

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Be sure that you ask for and receive "Bile Beans"

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